THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

MAY, 1803.

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS OF *MATTHEW BOULTON, ESQ.*

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

BEHOLD yon mansion flank'd by crowding trees,
Grace the green slope, and court the southern breeze:
Genius and worth with BOULTON there reside,
BOULTON, of arts the patron and the pride!
Commerce with rev'rence at thy name shall bow,
Thou fam'd creator of the fam'd SOHO!
Thy magic hand transform'd these regions wild,
And a new Eden in the desart smil'd!

MORFETT.

IT is the peculiar glory and felicity of Britain, that she produces, in almost every department of the arts and sciences, characters from which it would be injustice to withhold our admiration. In our number for last month, we called the attention of our readers to the contemplation of a poet whose talents had at-

tracted no small degree of the public notice: we now therefore bring forward the celebrated *Mr. Matthew Boulton,* who has eminently contributed to the welfare and prosperity of his country. His genius and industry are well known throughout the world.

MATTHEW BOULTON was born at Birmingham, September the 14th, 1728; he received his grammar-school education from the Rev. Mr. Austed, who officiated at St. John's chapel, Dentend. Drawing and mathematics were also particularly attended to—indeed they were branches of learning to which his taste was much inclined, and in which he is said to have made a considerable proficiency.

Having been deprived of his father as early as 1745, he was left in circumstances of affluence; but this event served only to quicken his diligence in the cultivation of those arts for which he has been since so much distinguished. He soon invented a new and most ingenious method of inlaying steel buckles, watch-chains; and an amazing variety of articles were exported by him to France, so that the trade was carried on to a large extent, thus augmenting the riches and fame of his native country.

About the year 1762, Mr. B. purchased a barren spot near Birmingham, where he established his extensive and flourishing manufactory now well known by the name of *Soho.* Here he raised various buildings at the expense of 9000 pounds. He then attracted the most ingenious men that the country could furnish, and rewarded their exertions with an unbounded liberality.

Hitherto water was the only means made use of to turn the mills which he employed. This even, aided by the strength of animals, fell far short of the force which was wanted to complete the designs he had formed. Accordingly recourse was had to the use of *steam*; and a steam-engine was produced with powers that exceeded credibility. We shall transcribe the words of a reviewer, in noticing this capital invention:—"The STEAM-ENGINE, approaching to the nature of a perpetual motion, or rather an animal, is incapable of lassitude or sensation, produces coals, works metals, moves machines, and is certainly the noblest drudge that was ever employed by the hand of art. Thus we put a hook in the nose of the leviathan—thus we play with him as a child, and take him as a servant for ever: thus we subdue nature, and derive aid and comfort from the elements of earthquakes!"

But this machine, however novel and surprising, was now in its infancy; Mr. James Watt, of Glasgow, obtained a patent for the improvement of it; and Mr. B. was so delighted with the emendation that he sought his acquaintance, and got him to settle at his Soho manufactory. The engine, in its improved state, was so truly useful, that in 1775, a prolongation of the patent was obtained from parliament. A manufactory of steam-engines was then set on foot by them, and they supplied the chief mines and manufactories throughout the kingdom. Mr. Boulton now turned his attention to the art of coining, in which he made

several improvements: it is even said that his method is such, that counterfeits can be easily detected. This is an admirable thing, for the quantity of false money circulated in this kingdom is incredible; and we all know that many individuals are annually falling victims to the justice of their offended country.

The coining-mill at Soho works *eight* machines, each of which, it is confidently affirmed, receives stamps, and delivers out, by the aid of only a little boy, from *seventy* to *ninety* pieces of copper in *one minute*! Either of these machines is so constructed, that it may be stopped without giving to the others the least interruption.

The Sierra Leone company and the East India company have employed Mr. Boulton in coining for them. And he has sent two complete mints to Petersburgh: indeed from that court he has received some handsome presents, by way of reward for his ingenuity.

The steam-engine, however, was the great object of study, and here attention was amply compensated: they established a foundery for them in the vicinity of Soho, and then, by means of canals, they were conveyed to every part of the country. Such is the perfection to which this singular invention has been brought, that the consumption of a bushel of Newcastle coals will raise 6000 hogsheads of water 10 feet high, and will do the work of 10 horses for one hour! We mention this circumstance with astonishment.

Some time ago Mr. Boulton obtained a patent for a machine, by which water is raised

with wonderful facility. In procuring water for the use of brewers, in raising water from the sea for salt works, in draining marshes, and in pumping ships, it has proved of inconceivable utility. Those who have seen it, say, that it requires no expense of fuel, no attention from workmen; once set a-going, it proceeds of itself, calling only for repair and occasional inspection.

Such is the active and useful life of MATTHEW BOULTON, a most respectable and valuable member of society. His whole life has been devoted to the improvement of the arts, and thus he has certainly augmented the comforts and elegancies of civilized society. To such a man we chearfully pay the tribute of praise; *his* are no common merits—they will call for and receive the admiration and gratitude of posterity.

Messrs. Grafton and Reddell, in their account of Birmingham, remark that SOHO HOUSE has been lately enlarged and almost re-edified with great elegance and taste in the Grecian style; and Mr. Bisset, in his Poetic Survey around Birmingham, thus notices the Soho manufactory.

"On yonder gentle slope, which shrubs adorn,
Where grew of late "rank weeds," gorse, ling, and thorn,
Now pendant woods and shady groves are seen,
And nature there assumes a noble mein:
There verdant lawns, cool grots, and peaceful bow'rs.
Luxuriant now are stew'd with sweetest flow'rs;

Reflected by the lake which spreads below,
All nature smiles around—there stands SOHO!

Soho, where genius and the arts preside,
Europa's wonder and Britannia's pride,
Thy matchless works have rais'd Old England's
fame,
And future ages will record thy name;
Each rival nation shall to thee resign
The palm of taste, and own 'tis justly thine;
Whilst commerce shall to thee an altar raise,
And infant genius learn to lisp thy praise;
Whilst art and science reign they still proclaim
Thine ever blended with a BOULTON's name.

The intelligent and benevolent reader will be gratified with the contemplation of the spirit of improvement by which the genius of our country stands distinguished. It has been a question whether we are most indebted to nature or art for our manifold improvements: Britons, however, may rejoice in both these respects—nature and art have conspired to exalt and dignify her among the nations of the earth. Let us transmit her blessings unimpaired to posterity.

Islington. J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 74.

BEAUTIES OF HOMER.

(Cowper's Translation.)

HAVING analysed, according to promise, Mr. Nathaniel Bloomfield's poems, we now resume the consideration of HOMER, and shall, we doubt not, be much amused in our progress through his works: they are admired for their simplicity, and their author has beamed as a star of the first magnitude upon the world.

The *Iliad of Homer*, containing 24 books, we must move on with a more rapid step towards the conclusion; of course shall only present the reader with a passage here and there, remarkable either for its beauty or sublimity.

The triumphs of Diomede, in the fifth book, are thus well described:

But Diomede, *him*, whether Greek he were,
Or Trojan rather, in his rapid course,
Thou scarce hadst known. For as an overflow
Of some broad river, swoln with wintry rains,
Sweeps down the bridges, dissipates the mounds,
No buttress can withstand its sudden sway,
No fence of fruitful fields, but many a work
By sturdy swains long labour'd, disappears,
So fled the thick embattled bands of Troy,
Swept and dispers'd by Diomede alone!

In the sixth book occurs the following simile respecting the *mortality of man*, which has been justly admired:

For as the leaves, so spring the race of man—
Chill blasts shake down the leaves, and warm'd
anew
By vernal airs, the grove puts forth again,
Age after age—so man is born, and dies!

The *burial of the dead*, in book the seventh, is thus pathetically stated:

Soon as the sun, new-risen from the calm
And silent deep, now climb'd the skies, and
smote
With slanting beam the fields, the gath'rers met;
The dead, so foul with gore as to be scarce
Distinguishable with pure water cleans'd,
Profusely weeping on the wains they plac'd,
But noiseless was their grief, so Priam bade;
They therefore, sad but silent, on the pyre
Dispos'd, consum'd them, and return'd to Troy!

In book the eighth, the representation of *Jupiter* is truly awful:

He said, and to his chariot join'd his steeds
Swift brazen-hoof'd and maned with wavy gold;
He put on golden raiment, his bright scourge
Of gold receiving, rose into his seat,
And lash'd his steeds; they, not unwilling, flew
Midway the earth between and starry heav'n!
To spring-fed Ida, mother of wild beasts,
He came, where stands in Gargarus his shrine,
Breathing fresh incense; there the sire of all
Arriving, loos'd his coursers, and around
Involving them in gather'd clouds opaque,
Sat on the mountain's head, in his own might
Exulting, with the tow'rs of Ilium all
Beneath his eye, and the whole fleet of Greece!

Soon after this paragraph follows a sketch of a battle, in which Greeks and Trojans rush on each other for the purposes of mutual destruction; the lines glow with the energy of the subject:

Meantime, in ev'ry tent Achaia's sons
Took short refreshment, and for fight prepar'd.
On th' other side, tho' fewer, yet constrained
By strong necessity, throughout all Troy,
In the defence of children and of wives,
Ardent the Trojans panted for the field!
Wide flew the gates, on either side forth rush'd
Horsemen and foot, and tumult wild arose!
There many a shout and many a dying groan
Were heard, the slayer and the wounded loud
Exclaiming, and the earth was drench'd with blood!
Till sacred morn had brighten'd into noon,
The vallied weapons on both sides their task
Perform'd effectual, and the people fell!
But when the sun had climb'd the middle skies,
The sire of all then took his golden scales,
Doom against doom he weigh'd th' eternal fates,
In counterpoise of Trojans and of Greeks.
He rais'd the beam, low sank the heavier lot
Of the Achaians—the Achaian doom
Subsided, and the Trojan struck the skies!

How elegant and impressive are these lines! The very reading of them begets a spirit of solemnity. We discern the hand of a master—it is impossible to withhold our approbation.

The machinery of the *golden scales* is truly poetical, and hence Milton has copied it in his *Paradise Lost* with uncommon ability. The British bard was a scholar of the first order;

classic images were familiar to his enlightened mind. It is allowable thus to imitate the best writers of antiquity. Homer and Hesiod, Virgil and Horace are authors whose productions are ever new—for sentiment and expression they are unrivalled: to young persons they contain an inexpressible mine of entertainment and instruction.

Islington. J. E.

STORY OF DICK THE NEGRO

Extracted from Davis's Travels through the United States of America, just published.

I WAS born at a plantation on the Rappahannoc river. It was the pulling of corn time, when 'Squire Musgrove was governor of Virginia. I have no mixed blood in my veins; I am no half and half breed, no cheshut-sorrel of a mulatto; but my father and mother both came over from Guinea.

When I was old enough to work, I was put to look after the horses; and, when a boy, I would not have turned my back against the best negur at catching or backing the most vicious beast that ever grazed in a pasture.

'Squire Sutherland had a son who rode every fall to look at a plantation on James river, which was under the care of an overseer. Young master could not go without somebody on another horse to carry his saddle-bags, and I was made his groom.

This young chap was a trimmer. The first thing he did on getting out of bed was to call for a juley ;* and I honestly date my own love of whiskey from mixing and tasting my young master's juleps. But this was not all: he was always upon the scent after game, and mighty *ficious* when he got among the negur wenches. He used to say that a likely negur wench was fit to be a queen; and I forget how many queens he had among the girls on the two plantations.

My young master was a mighty one for music, and he made me learn to play the banger.† I soon could tune it sweetly; and of a moonlight night he would set me to play, and the wenches to dance. My young master could shake a desperate foot at the fiddle; there was nobody that could face him at a Congo minuet; but Pat Hickory could tire him at a Virginia jig.

The young 'squire did not live long. He was for a short life and a merry one. He was killed by a drunken man, who found him overficious with his wife. The negur man was hanged alive upon a gibbet. It was the middle of summer; the sun was full upon him; the negur lolled out his tongue, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and for three long days his only cry was Water! Water! Water!

The old gentleman took on to grieve mightily

* A dram of spirituous liquor that has mint steeped in it, taken by Virginians of a morning.

† A kind of rude guittar.

at the death of his son; he wished that he had sent him to Britain for his education; but after-wit is of no use; and he followed his son to that place where master and man, planter and slave must all at last lie down together.

The plantation and negurs now fell to the lot of a second son, who had gone to Edinburgh to learn the trade of a doctor. He was not like 'Squire Tommy; he seemed to be carved out of different wood. The first thing he did on his return from Britain, was to free all the old negur people on the plantation, and settle each on a patch of land. He tended the sick himself, gave them medicine, healed their wounds, and encouraged every man, woman, and child to go to a meeting-house that every Sunday was opened between our plantation and Fredericksburgh. Every thing took a change. The young wenches, who in master Tommy's time used to put on their drops and their bracelets, and ogle their eyes, now looked down like modest young women, and carried their gewgaws in their pockets till they got clear out of the woods. He encouraged matrimony on the plantation by settling each couple in a log-house on a wholesome patch of land; hired a schoolmaster to teach the children, and to every one that could say his letters gave a testament with cuts. This made me bold to marry, and I looked out sharp for a wife. I had before quenched my thirst at any dirty puddle; but a stream that I was to drink at constant I thought should be pure, and I made my court to a wholesome girl, who had never bored her ears, and went constantly to meeting,

She was daughter to old Solomon the carter, and by moonlight I used to play my banger under her window, and sing a Guinea love-song that my mother had taught me. But I found there was another besides myself whose mouth watered after the fruit. Cuffey, one of the crop hands, came one night upon the same errand. I am but a little man, and Cuffey was above my pitch, for he was six feet two inches high, with a chew of tobacco clapped above that. But I was not to be scared because he was a big man and I a little one; I carried a good heart, and a good heart is every thing in love.

Cuffey, says I, what part of the play is you acting? *Does* you come after Sall?—May be, says he, I does.—Then, says I, here's have at you, boy; and I reckoned to fix him by getting the finger of one hand into his ear and the knuckles of the other into his eye.* But the whore-son was too strong for me, and after knocking me down upon the grass, he began to *stomp* upon me, and ax me if I had yet got enough. But Dick was not to be scared; and getting his great toe into my mouth, I bit it off and swallowed it. Cuffey now let go his hold, and it was my turn to ax Cuffey if he had got enough. Cuffey told me he had, and I walked away to the quarter.†

* This is what is called gouging.

† The place of abode for the negroes.

My master the next day heard of my battle with Cuffey. He said that I ought to live among *painters* (panthers) and wolves, and sold me to a Georgia man for 200 dollars. My new master was the devil: he made me travel with him hand-cuffed to Savannah; where he disposed of me to a tavern-keeper for 300 dollars.

I was the only man-servant in the tavern, and I did the work of half a dozen. I went to bed at midnight, and was up an hour before sun. I looked after the horses, waited at table, and worked like a new negur. But I got plenty of spirits, and that I believe helped me.

The war now broke out, and in one single year I changed masters a dozen times. But I knowed I had to work, and one man to me was just as good as another. When the war ended, I was slave to 'Squire Fielding at Annapolis, in Maryland. I was grown quite steady, and I married a house-servant, who brought me a child every year. I have altogether had three wives, and am the father of twelve children, begot in lawful wedlock.

My wife dying of a flux, I was left to the management of my children; but my master soon saved me that trouble, for directly they were strong enough to handle a hoe, he sold the boys to Mr. Randolph of Fairfax, and the girls to 'Squire Barclay of Port Tobacco. It was a hard trial to part with my little ones, for I loved them like a father; but there was no help for it, and it was the case of thousands besides myself.

When a man has been used to a wife, he finds it mighty lonesome to be without one; so I married a young girl who lived house-servant to a tavern-keeper at Elk Ride Landing. It is a good 25 miles from Anapolis to the Landing-place; but a negur never tire when he go to see his sweetheart, and after work on Saturday night I would start for Elk Ridge, and get to my wife before the supper was put away.—Dinah was a dead hand at making of mush,* but she could not love it better than I. Dinah, says I to her one night, if you was a queen, what would you have for supper?—Why milk and mush, Dick, says she.—Concern it, Dinah, says I, why if you was to eat all the good things, what would there be left for me?

I was not perfectly satisfied with my new wife; I had some suspicion that she gave her company, when I was away, to a young mulatto fellow; but as her children were right black, I was not much troubled. I never could bear the sight of a mulatto: they are made up of craft; they are full of impudence, and will tell a black man that the devil is a negur; but I believe one colour is as much akin to him as another.

I did not keep to my second wife long, she was a giddy young goose, fond of dress: she wore a ruffled smock, and on a Sunday put on such sharp-toed shoes, that the points of them would have knocked out a mosquito's eye. If

* Food resembling hasty-pudding.

her children had not been right black and right ugly like myself, I should have suspected her vartue long before I had a real cause.

I had made Dinah a present of a little lap-foist, a right handsome dog as you would see; and one Saturday, at negur-day time,* a mile before I got to Elk Ridge, the little foist came running up to me. Hie! thought I, Dinah must be out gadding, and looking forward I saw a man and a woman run across the main road into the woods. I made after them, but I was getting in years, and a walk of 20 miles had made my legs a little stiff. So after cursing till my blood boiled like a pitch-pot, I walked on to the tavern.

I found Dinah in the kitchen; but the mulatto fellow was not there. She ran to me, and fell on my neck. I hove her off. Begone, girl! says I; no tricks upon travellers: Dick in his old age is not to be made a fool of. Did not I see you with Paris, Mr. Jackson's mulatto? Lack a daisey, Dick, says she, I have not stirred out of the house. I swear point blank I have not; I would kiss the bible, and take my blessed oath of it.——Nor the foist either? says I. Get you gone, you hussey, I will seek a new wife. And so saying I went up stairs, made her gowns, and her coats, and her smocks into a bundle, took the drops out of her ears, and the shoes off her feet, and walked out of the kitchen.

* A cant term among the negroes for night, they being then at leisure.

I trudged out the same night. It troubled me to be tricked by a young girl, but it was some satisfaction to know that I had stripped her of all her cloathing. Fine feathers makes fine birds, and I laughed to think how she would look next Sunday, for I had left her nothing but a home-spun suit that she had put on when she got back.

I now said to myself that it was right foolish for an old man to expect constancy from a young girl, and I wished that my first wife had not got her mouth full of yellow clay. Half a mile from Annapolis, by the road side, is a graveyard. It was here my poor wife was buried. I had often heard tell of ghosts, and I wanted to see if there was any truth in it. I stole softly to the hedge that skirted the road. Hoga, says I, does you rest quiet? Hoga, does you rest quiet? Say, Hoga, and quiet old Dick!—I had hardly said the words when the leaves began to stir. I trembled as though I had an ague. Hoga, says I, don't scare me. But in less than a minute I saw a black head look over the hedge, with a pair of goggle eyes that flamed worse than the branches of a pine-tree on fire. Faith, says I, that can't be Hoga's head, for Hoga had little *pee pee* eyes. I took to my heels and run for it. The ghost followed quick. As luck would have it there was a gate across the road. I jumped the gate, and crawled into a hedge. The ghost did not follow—the gate had stopped him. But I heard him bellow mightily, and when I peeped over

the hedge, I saw it was 'Squire Hamilton's black bull.

My master at Annapolis being made a bankrupt, there was an execution lodged against his negurs. I was sent to Alexander,* and knocked down at vendue to old 'Squire Kegworth. I was put to work at the hoe; I was up an hour before sun, and worked naked till after dark. I had no food but homony, and for fifteen months did not put a morsel of any meat in my mouth but the flesh of a possum or a racoon that I killed in the woods. This was rather hard for an old man, but I knowed there was no help for it.

'Squire Kegworth was a wicked one; he beat master Tommy. He would talk of setting us free; you are not, he would say, slaves for life, but only for ninety-nine years. The 'squire was never married; but an old negur-woman kept house, who governed both him and the plantation.

Hard work would not have hurt me, but I could never get any liquor. This was desperate, and my only comfort was the stump of an old pipe that belonged to my first wife. This was a poor comfort without a little drap of whiskey now and dan; and I was laying a plan to run away, and travel through the wilderness of Kentucky, when the old 'squire died.

I was now once more put up at vendue, and as good luck would have it, I was bid for by

* Alexandria.

'Squire Ball. Nobody would bid against him because my head was grey, my back covered with stripes, and I was lame of the left leg by the malice of an overseer who stuck a pitch-fork into my ham. But 'Squire Ball know'd I was trusty; and though self-praise is no praise, he has not a negur on the plantation that wishes him better than I, or a young man that would work for him with a more willing heart.

There is few masters like the 'squire. He has allowed me to build a log-house, and take in a patch of land, where I raise corn and water mel,ons.* I keep chickens and ducks, turkeys and geese, and his lady always gives me the price of the Alexander market for my stock.

But what's better than all, master never refuses me a dram, and with the help of whiskey I don't doubt but I shall serve him these fifteen years to come. Some of his negurs impose on him; there's Hinton, a mulatto rascal, that will run him in debt; and there's Let, one of the

* Dick's log-hut was not unpleasantly situated. He had built it near a spring of clear water, and defended it from the sun by an awning of boughs. It was in Mr. Ball's peach-orchard.

A cock that never strayed from his cabin served him instead of a time-keeper; and a dog that lay always before his door was an equivalent for a lock. With his cock and his dog, Dick lived in the greatest harmony; and notwithstanding the pretension of a white man to superiority over a black one, neither the cock nor the dog would acknowledge any other master but Dick.

house-girls, who will suck the eggs and swear it was a black snake. But I never wronged master of a cent,* and I do the work of Hinton, of Henry, and Jack without ever grumbling. I look after the cows, dig in the garden, beat out the flax, curry-comb the riding nag, cart all the wood, tote† the wheat to the mill, and bring all the logs to the school-house.

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

NO. 5.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

UPON my shewing some of the original letters, published in your miscellany, lately to a friend of mine, and upon pointing out to him the merit of your publication, he very obligingly gave me leave to transcribe one which he has had for many years in his possession, written by William Shenstone, Esq. to the intent that your readers might have the benefit of it. I will not be positive that it has never appeared in print, but to my knowledge it certainly has not; nor do I apprehend there is the least probability that it has ever before been made pub-

* The hundredth part of a dollar.

† Tote is the American for to carry.

lic. Give me leave to say (as having contributed several communications of this kind) that if those of your numerous readers who have in their possession original letters, written by persons of celebrity (as I flatter myself many of them have), will take the pains to transcribe them, they will certainly stamp an additional value upon your work, and highly gratify many of your friends. Some may think it is not dealing fair with the established reputation of a distinguished character to make public such of his letters as were probably written in a hasty and cursory manner, and upon private concerns: but it is premised that every candid reader, while reading letters of this description in a periodical publication, ever carries in his view this circumstance, and is ready ingenuously to overlook any trivial inadvertency which may occur.

I am, &c,

ANTIQUARIUS.

William Shenstone, Esq. to J. F. Stanley, Esq. Weymouth-street, London.

DEAR STANLEY. Leasowes, Sept. 26.

THE verses* contained in your letter, which I have just opened, please me excessively:

* I have not had an opportunity of seeing the verses here alluded to, nor do I remember ever to have seen any poetical composition with Mr. Stanley's name to it in print. If they should by chance

the ideas are very lively, and follow each other so naturally, that upon reading them,

" Sibi quivis
Speret idem :"

which is undoubtedly a mark of no inconsiderable excellence in a composition. I cannot say I admire the last stanza so much as the rest, and could wish you would alter it; it would be vanity in me to attempt an alteration of it, but suffering from the imputation of such a motive, I may suggest a wish that its author would do so. Every flight you take to Parnassus, I am convinced, will strengthen and embolden you. That you have a good taste and bold genius, I need not offer any apology for asserting; and only wish you would bestow your pains upon something of more consequence than you have hitherto attempted. The world, I know, is disingenuous and selfish enough, and we are all so envious and void of candour that we are unwilling to allow merit in others, unless constrained by the most urgent necessity.* I was writing down some of my thoughts on this subject but the other day, and I confess I think there is not sufficient en-

be in the possession of any of your readers, from the terms in which Mr. Shenstone speaks of them, they would probably be acceptable to you.

* This may probably allude to one of Mr. Shenstone's essays, entitled, " On allowing Merit in Others," and now extant.

couragement offered to the votaries of the muses in this age; but nevertheless, when a man has naturally a genius and taste for poetry, I think he ought to do his best to improve it, and, if it be possible for him to arrive at celebrity, to impart the overflowings of his own innate "vivida vis animæ" to others. I was saying that Parnassus is rather a republic than a monarchy, in which, though some are possessed of a more cultivated spot, yet others may possess land as fruitful and prolific upon equal cultivation.* But unless a man has that "vivida vis animæ," it is of no use to attempt to cultivate, for in fact there is nothing to cultivate. But with you the case is different; therefore do not sink into oblivion, by neglecting yourself, as thousands have done before you.

When do you think of going into Dorsetshire? Whenever you do, I hope you will remember your accident of last year. Don't fancy yourself upon Pegasus, you may then be upon a more dangerous steed. When you have leisure, do not forget

Your affectionate friend,

W. SHENSTONE.

* Certainly this thought, and indeed nearly these words, occur in his essay "On allowing Merit in Others."

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following letter, from the pious Dr. Doddridge to William Jennings, Esq. a religious gentleman of fortune at Peterborough, Northamptonshire, as it has not as yet been made public, will, I trust, readily meet with your approbation.

Your humble servant,

P. Q.

MY DEAR SIR, *Northampton, April* 24, 1741.

YOUR affectionate letter came to hand this morning; I read it with much eagerness and pleasure. The satisfaction which I received from your call at my house, believe me, was very great. You make apologie for it, but how can such be necessary for the mutual comfort which christians ever receive from meeting and conversing together? I would have prolonged your stay with us, but you persisted in saying that you was not able to remain here the day; our regret on that account was very great: and I can assure you that we have frequently since been happy in speaking of you, and remembering you in our prayers to the Most Highest. I have most sincerely to thank you for your friendly invitation of myself and Mrs. Doddridge to your house. But my works are so many, and the office which I have dared to take upon myself so important and awful, that I very rarely allow myself any time to pay vi-

sits. However, your expressions are so kind, and your wishes so cordial, that I will make you this promise, that the first time Mrs. Doddridge and myself do spend a few days from home, we will take an opportunity of becoming acquainted with your family—a circumstance which I much wish for, and hope will take place in a few months, if the Lord will.

And may the God of Jacob add to you and yours the choicest of spiritual blessings—may he give you day by day a clearer insight into eternal things, and by his holy spirit lead you into all truth! The kindest wishes of my family attend you. You will consider my engagements, and excuse the short letter of

Your affectionate servant, for Jesus' sake,

P. DODDRIDGE.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following is a letter written by the learned and pious Mr. Baxter; I copied it from the original, which is in the hands of I. H. Bovet, Esq. Taunton.

Yours, &c.

I.

From Mr. Richard Baxter to a Friend.

SIR,

IT hath pleased the Lord, whose I am, to give me a sharp and plain summons to come

of his vineyard and leave his work. I confess I understood not that voice of the rod awhile, but it hath now spoke louder. Little cause have I to murmur as most men breathing, so long and frequent have his warnings for preparation been; so long and frequent mine opportunities of doing and receiving good, and all this ten years ago so unexpected, that I may conclude I have had a competent share; and indeed, though unwillingness to die have all this while been my sin, my great sin, yet God hath made me somewhat more willing, though, alas! but somewhat. I confess, when I think upon poor Kiddersminster, my heart bleeds, and I could gladly yet live. But the Lord must dispose. It hath been long my observation, when men, after trouble and unsettledness, begin to think of quiet and rest, they are near death: yet did not I promise my soul much ease in settling! Oh, that you could help to quiet and comfort my dear friends of Kidderminster. I pray you, Sir, write one word to that purpose to my father, who, I fear, will bear my death with too little patience.—Oh, Sir, if you will die comfortably, be much with God; suffer not estrangedness easily, have promises at hand, and be daily in Heaven. Bring faith by daily exercise to real affecting apprehensions; be industrious privately as well as publicly for the recovery of souls; let slip no opportunity, let nothing silence you, but let Christ, when he comes, find you so doing. Be tender of the godly that differ in questionable things, without favoring their sin, or counte-

nancing a toleration of open evil. In all these I have too much failed. All my friends have left me; and here I am worse than alone, but that God is with me. I had so much sudden ease on the fast day, that I was sensible of the benefit of prayers. I pray set one day apart privately for me with your godly friends—there is no other hope left: physicians, nature, flesh, blood, spirit, heart, friends—all fail! but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever! Yet I know the God whom I serve is able to deliver, and hath delivered; but if he will not deliver, though he kill me, yet will I trust in him, and I know whom I have trusted. I confess I was never yet near so low but I trust in him who raiseth the dead. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and as he hath not died in vain, so neither have I run nor laboured in vain. Though mine iniquities sometimes lie heavy on me, yet I have fought a good fight, &c. If I see your faces no more in the flesh, farewell, till eternity! and the spirit and grace of Christ Jesus our Lord preserve your souls to himself for ever!

Your languishing, decaying,

Yet believing, hoping friend,

RICHARD BAXTER.

N. B. The date and direction are both worn out.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

MEMOIR ON THE ISLAND ANTILLIA, AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

By Citizen Buache, of the National Institute.

HITHERTO it has been supposed that the discovery of America was due to Christopher Columbus: it was one of those points of history on which all authors were agreed, and as one which might be considered the most certain. However, doubts have lately been raised upon this subject—doubts which to many learned men have appeared to have some foundation—doubts which they have judged at least worthy their attention. Among the papers which remain in the library of St. Marc, at Venice, is a chart of Andre Bianchi, made in 1436, in which there is described a large island, called Antillia, situated in the west of the Azore islands, which proves, say they, that America was known before the discovery of it by Christopher Columbus. It is added, that the learned Morelli, librarian of St. Marc, intends to publish this chart. This intention has induced Citizen Buache again to examine the chart of Bianchi, which was known since 1733, by the edition and commentaries on it given by Formaleone, in the appendix of his work entitled, "Saggio sulla Nautica antica de Veneziana."

The first idea which presents itself at the

sight of this chart, where in fact we find the large island named Antillia placed in the west of the Azores, and the beginning of another island, situated to the north of Antillia, and called Ysola de la Man Satanaxio, is, that these two islands are parts of America, or some of the islands at present known under the name of the Antilles, since there exists no other land in the whole space comprised between the Azores and America. The chart of Bianchi having been made in 1436, it appears then natural to conclude, that America, or some parts of it, were known before the voyages of Christopher Columbus. It is also the opinion which has been adopted by Formaleone; but this opinion cannot be supported after a serious examination of the chart of Bianchi, and compared with other monuments equally authentic which he has thought it necessary to consult.

There exists a letter* of the learned Paolo Toscanelli, author of the Gnomon de Sainte Marie de Florence, dated June 25, 1474, in which mention is made of the island of Antillia. This letter was first addressed to Ferdinand Martinez, canon of Lisbon, who had consulted Toscanelli, on the part of the King of Portugal, as to the possibility of finding the Indies. It

* This letter may be found in a work of the Jesuit Ximenes, entitled, "Del Vecchio e nuovo Gnomone Florentino," and in a letter from M. M. Baros, to the author of the Journal des Savans, January, 1758.

was afterwards sent to Christopher Columbus, in answer to a letter that he had written to Toscanelli, relative to the voyage he proposed to undertake. The letter of Toscanelli refers only to what appeared to him to be the shortest course to the Indies, and those parts of the Indies which he thought the richest and the most worthy of being explored. The shortest course, in his opinion, was, on leaving Lisbon, to go directly to the west, across the Atlantic ocean, and to proceed in the same direction, or on the parallel of Lisbon, nearly a third of the circumference of that parallel; at that distance they would find, said he, the city of Guisay, or Quinsey, the capital of China, in the time of Marc Paul, they would also find the island of Cipango (now Japan) extremely fertile in gold, pearl, and precious stones; it was in this course he placed the island of Antillia, when he said, "And of the island of Antillia, which you know, and which you call Sette-Cita, to the famous island of Cipango, there are ten spaces, which make 2500 miles, or 225 leagues." It results from this passage, that at the epoch of 1474, the island of Antillia was known at least to the King of Portugal, for whom the letter of Toscanelli was written, and that it passed for one of the richest countries in the world. It further results, that in the opinion of Toscanelli, it was situated in the eastern parts of the Indies, which were then the countries of the most precious and wonderful productions It is probable, that it was from the idea of Toscanelli that Christopher Columbus gave the name of Antillias to those islands of America which

he found in his first voyage, and which he supposed to be the eastern part of the Indies. It was from the charts of his time that Toscanelli made his calculations respecting the course he pointed out; and the Antillia of the chart of Bianchi can be no other than the Antillia mentioned in the letter of Toscanelli; it therefore can represent no part of America.

To dissipate entirely the doubts founded on this chart of Bianchi, it would have been satisfactory to have discovered in the ancient continent the names of Antillia and De la Man Satanaxion, which this chart presents. Citizen Buache has made every possible research on this subject; he first examined, after the opinion of Toscanelli, at the islands of the Archipelago, of the Indies, but without success; considering then that the islands of Antillia were known to the Portuguese, according to Toscanelli, which could not be said of the Indian islands at that epoch; considering also that the King of Portugal had paid no attention to the information of Toscanelli, or to the proposition of Christopher Columbus, and several authors had confounded the island of Antillia with that of the famous San Borandon, or Brandon, which was supposed to be near the Canaires; Citizen Buache directed his attention to the western coasts of Africa, which the Portuguese were then occupied in discovering. After a variety of information furnished him by the itinerary mundi of Peristol, from a manuscript chart of the national library of 1346, and another of the library of the Duke of Parma, 1367, he thought

he had ascertained that the names of Antillia and De la Man Satanaxio, were the result of the first acquaintance the Europeans had with the rich countries of the interior of Africa, or of the country of the blacks, which the Arabs named Sudan; the name Sudan appeared to him to have some reference to that of Satanaxio, the name of Sette-Cita, which the Portuguese gave to Antillia, according to Toscanelli, and which they translated by Septem. Civitatés, the seven cities, appeared to him to be the Regio Septem. Montium, which the chart of Sanut, in the Gesta dei, per Francos, places on the western side of Africa, at the extremity of an island, and near the country of Gaudolia. With regard to the name of Antillia, he considers it analagous to the name of Cautin, which Peristol points out between Cape Bojodor and Cape Blanc, where there is a coast called the Seven Mountains; and to the name of Ansil, or Angel, otherwise called the Seven Hills, on the coast of Senegal; and to the name of Andi, a port adjacent to the hills of Angel, from which they have made Portandie. It is to be remarked, that it is on the coast situated between the Canaries and Senegal, that they began to carry on the commerce of gold before the discovery of the coast of Guinea.

If these observations do not amount to proofs, they are at least satisfactory indicia in favor of the opinion Citizen Buache has adopted, namely, that the island of Antillia was not America. "A thick veil," says he, still covers the geo-

graphy of all Africa; the names of the different points of that coast, which is alone known, are for the most part new names, which have been given them by the Portuguese, and it is difficult to ascertain the objects which are pointed out by the natives of the country.

A TRUE DESCRIPTION OF THE HOLY PLACES IN JERUSALEM,

And of those which are likewise usually visited by the devout Pilgrims in Judea, Galilee, &c.

IN JERUSALEM.

ON entering the church of the holy sepulchre, likewise called St. Helen's church, from having been built by the empress Helen, the stone of unction presents itself, where our Saviour was embalmed and anointed by Joseph and Nicodemus; to the right of which is the ascent to Mount Calvary, by twelve steps, where is seen the hole in which the cross was placed, and near it a cleft in the mountain, occasioned by the earthquake after our Saviour's death; likewise the place of crucifixion. This last belongs to the Catholics. The schismatic Greeks robbed us of the hole of the cross by means of money.

From Mount Calvary you descend to the holy sepulchre of our Lord, where forty-four lamps are burning, fourteen of which are ours,

the rest belong to the Greeks, Armenians, and Copts, but these have no dominion whatever over the sepulchre itself. Its length is nine spans, its breadth four, and its height about three and half. Before the entrance to it is the Angel's Chapel, a little larger than the sepulchre. In the middle of it is a stone, little more than a span high, and about nine spans in circumference. On this stone sat the angel who, after the resurrection of our Lord, appeared to the holy women, saying to them, "Do you seek Jesus who has been crucified? He is not here, but is risen." On leaving this chapel, at the distance of a few paces, is seen the place where the Lord, after being risen, was seen by Mary Magdalen, in the dress of a gardener; and, a few paces further, the spot where that penitent stood. You then enter our church, where our Saviour made his first appearance to his holy mother after the resurrection. On the right of the great altar (in which our Lord is preserved under the sacramental form) is a hollow place, fastened up with an iron grating, within which is part of the column to which he was bound and scourged. On the left is part of the holy cross, shut up in the same manner. At the foot of the altar is seen the place where one of the three crosses was miraculously discovered by St. Helen, perhaps the cross of the Saviour. Leaving our church, you visit the prison where our Saviour was bound before he suffered the death of the cross: this place belongs to the Greeks. A few steps from it is the chapel of St. Longinus, the soldier who, after having pierced

the sacred side of our Saviour, wept on account of his sins in this place, which likewise belongs to the Greeks. A few steps further is the place where the soldiers went to divide the garments of the Redeemer, and which belongs to the Armenians. A few steps from this is the pillar of reproaches, belonging to the Greeks. From thence you descend twenty-nine steps, and you see the chapel of St. Helen, and the place where she stood when they dug for the holy cross. Then descending thirteen other steps, you see the place where the cross was found. This place belongs to us; but the chapel of St. Helen, was, as well as the other places, stolen from us by the Armenians. St. Helen lived eighty years; she was buried in one of the churches of Rome.

Under the holy Mount Calvary is the Chapel of Adam, where as authors say, the head of Adam was buried by Shem, the son of Noah, after the deluge. This belongs to the Greeks. At a little distance from it is the place where the holy women stood whilst our Saviour was crucified, and likewise the place where they sat down. Behind the holy sepulchre is the monument of Joseph of Arimathea, who earnestly requested of Pilate the holy body of Jesus: this belongs to the Armenians.

Near the door of the church you ascend eleven steps, and come to the chapel of St. Mary of Calvary, where the blessed Virgin stood with St. John the evangelist, when the Jews crucified our Saviour, and where we perform mass every day. In the road leading to

the garden of Gethsemane, called the Mournful Way, are seen the place where the Lord fell under the weight of the cross, which he carried on his shoulders; the palace of Pilate, within which is the tribunal, where the Saviour was scourged and given into the hands of the Jews to be crucified; and also the place where they bound him to the column, and crowned him with a crown of thorns, saying to him, "Hail, King of the Jews!" Without is likewise the place where he was scourged, together with the arch where Pilate shewed him to the people, saying, "Behold the man!" In the court-yard of the palace is the place where the soldiers spoiled him of the purple, and dressed him again in his own garments, giving him the cross to carry.

At a short distance from the arch beforementioned is the place where the Virgin Mary met her Son. Pursuing the road to Gethsemane, you meet with a mosque near the gate of St. Stephen, where the Virgin Mary was born. Without the gate is the place where St. Stephen was stoned by the Jews, and near to it the cistern into which they say his body was thrown. The church of the Virgin Mary is next seen. Having descended forty-eight steps, you view the altar, or sepulchre, whence she was taken up into Heaven by the angels. About 90 years ago this was taken away from us by the Greeks. Within the church are the tombs of St. Ann, St. Joseph, and St. James. At a short distance from the church is the grotto in which our Saviour sweated blood,

Near the grotto is the garden in which he was taken. In this garden are eight olive-trees, which, according to tradition, were there in the time of our Saviour: they bear fruit, and are wonderfully preserved. At the bottom of a small mount is the place where our Saviour parted from the eight apostles to pray, and near it the place where he left the other three, viz. Peter, James, and John his brother. A few steps farther is the place where the Virgin Mary prayed for St. Stephen, whilst the Jews stoned him.

Leaving the garden, you go to the torrent of Cedron, near which our Saviour fell when he was bound by the Jews. Moving onward, you see the tomb of Jehosaphat, King of Judah, curiously excavated in a rock, and also the tomb of Absalom, son of David, which he himself caused to be excavated, in order that he might be buried there, and which is made in the form of a tower. Ascending a little, you see the place where St. James the Less hid himself after our Saviour was taken; likewise the tomb of Zachariah the prophet and martyr, slain by the Jews. All these places are on the left of the torrent of Cedron. Not far off is the town, or village, commonly called Silöe; and, about a mile from it, a fountain, called Mary's fountain, because it is known from tradition that the holy Virgin washed in it the clothes of her child. Near this is a wall of the ancient church of the pool of Silöe, in which our Saviour put the blind man, in order that he might wash himself, and recover his sight. Not

far from this is a tree where the prophet Isaiah was severed in two parts; likewise the well of Nehemiah, in which, by God's permission, the holy fire remained hidden for seventy years, that is, during the time when the Israelites were carried into Persia, in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, King of the Persians. At the expiration of the seventy years, the priest Nehemiah caused a search to be made for the holy fire, and found in the place of it water, which, however, by divine power, was reconverted into fire.

On the holy Mount of Olives, where our Saviour ascended into Heaven, are seen the impressions of his feet. The church built there by St. Helen is now a mosque. A mile from this is the place called Men of Galilee, because, after the ascension, the angels appeared here to the disciples, oppressed with grief, saying unto them, "Men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up to Heaven?" The following places are likewise seen on the Mount of Olives, viz. the place where the Saviour, casting his eyes towards Jerusalem, wept for it; where the apostles composed the creed; where the Saviour prayed and taught the disciples the pater-noster: the tombs of the prophets; the place where Christ foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, which is marked by a broken column and an olive-tree; the cottage of St. Pelasgia, the penitent, who came to Antioch in the dress of a man, and taking the name of Pelasgius, led there a monastic life.

About half a mile from Jerusalem, near the tombs of the kings of the Jews, towards Siloe,

is seen the execrable place where the sacrilegious Judas, after having sold Jesus, hanged himself. Two miles from the Mount of Olives stands Bethana, where are the vestiges of the house of Mary Magdalene and Martha, and the tomb where Lazarus their brother was buried and raised to life again. Not far from this place is Bethfage, upon a hill, where, by the desire of our Saviour, the apostles brought him an ass, upon which he gloriously entered Jerusalem on palm day, by the golden gate, where there is now a wall.

On Mount Sion is seen the cenaculum, or supper-room, where the Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles; where the Saviour appeared to them after the resurrection, and washed their feet; and where he also appeared to St. Thomas. The place where St. Matthias was elected an apostle, in the room of Judas, and the tomb of David, who lived seventy years and six months, are also to be seen there. At a short distance from Mount Sion is the house where the Virgin Mary lived nearly twenty-four years after her son's ascension, and where, according to tradition, she died. Near this is the chapel of St. John the evangelist. Entering at the gate called Sterguillina, you come to a little grotto where Peter wept, after having denied Christ. Farther on is the house of Anna, the high priest, where Jesus was led bound, and where the ungrateful Malco, servant of the high priest, who had been healed but a little before, gave the Saviour a blow: this place belongs to the Armenians. Near it is seen an olive-tree, to

which Christ was bound, and the palace of Caiaphas, the high priest. There St. Helen built a church, and the Armenians the convent, which they now occupy. In a corner of the church, on the right of the great altar, is the prison where Christ remained a whole night. Near the door of the church, on the right, under a portico, is the place where the maid said to Peter, "And this man was likewise with him," and the place where Peter thrice denied Christ, on which there is a tree, as a mark of it. There is likewise a place called the Cock Crow, because the cock crowed on that spot, and reminded Peter of the denial.

Not far from Jerusalem is a place called the Grotto of Jeremiah, where that prophet wrote the lamentations of the holy week; and a little farther, the tombs of the kings, twenty-two in number.

BETHLEHEM.

Here are seen the following places, viz. where Christ was born, the manger in which he was laid, and the place where he was adored by the magi. The grotto of St. Joseph, where he remained when the virgin was delivered; the place where the innocents were slain by order of Herod; the sepulchre of St. Gerolamo, St. Paula, and St. Eustochia her daughter; the birth-place of our Saviour, which has been forty or fifty years in the power of the Greeks, who took it away from us by means of a firman of the Grand Seignor, procured by money; and the church of St. Catharine, built by St. Helen. Without Bethlehem, at a little distance, is the

grotto of the Milk of the Virgin Mary, and a few steps farther, the house of St. Joseph — About two miles farther is the church of the angels; in which place the birth of our Saviour was announced to the shepherds by the angels, singing "Glory to God in the highest." About six miles from Bethlehem is the place where was situated the city of Tecua, built by Rehoboam, son of Solomon; in this city lived the holy prophet Amos. Towards the Dead Sea, six miles from Bethlehem, is the place where were the vines of Engaddi, so much praised in the psalms; and a few steps from thence is the place where David hid himself from the persecution of Saul. Four miles distant is the monastery of St. Sabba, in possession of the Greeks. This was built by the Emperor Justinian, and in it died St. Sabba, whose body was conveyed to Venice. In this convent are the several rooms of St. John of Damascus, of St. Eutimius, and St. Civillus. Returning from the convent of St. Sabba, you go to the hortus conclusus, to the three Pools of Solomon, &c.

ST. JOHN IN THE MOUNTAIN.

The place where John the Baptist was born, and the house of St. Elizabeth, where the Virgin Mary went to visit her, and composed the psalm "Magnificat," (My soul doth magnify the Lord, &c.) are here to be seen. In the way you meet with a convent belonging to the Greeks, called the Holy Cross, built by St. Helen, in the place where the wood was cut to make the cross of our Saviour.

About four miles from St. John is the desert of John the Baptist; here is a cave where he and his mother, St. Elizabeth, hid themselves by order of God, to avoid the cruelty of Herod, who sought to kill him, eight months after his birth. In the same pace is seen the stone upon which St. John slept a little at night, and at a little distance is the sepulchre of St. Elizabeth, his mother, who died there four years after his birth, and was buried by the hands of angels.

NAZARETH.

Here is to be seen the place where St. Gabriel appeared to the holy Virgin, saluting her, saying—"Ave Maria," and announcing the Incarnation.

To go into the holy grotto fifteen steps are to be descended. In this grotto are seen two pillars, scarcely two steps from each other, one called Mary's pillar, the other the Angel's, made by St. Helen, according to tradition. That which is called the pillar of the Virgin Mary stands without support, being raised from the ground about five spans. It is piously believed that there the Virgin Mary stood when she was saluted by the angel Gabriel. The other, which stands firmly supported, is in the place where the angel stood when he said to the Virgin, "Ave Maria." In this grotto there are two altars, one called the altar of the incarnation: the other, which is contiguous to it, and the five altars in the great church, were built by St. Helen. In the town, at a little distance from the convent, is seen the house of St. Jo-

seph, almost destroyed, in which he, with his reputed son, carried on the trade of carpenter. This house is now occupied by the Turks. A few steps farther is seen the Jews' synagogue, in which the Saviour preached to the Pharisees, saying, "Verily I say unto you, no prophet is received in his own country," &c. At a short distance is the fountain of the Virgin Mary and her Son, so called, because they both went to that fountain to get water. In its vicinity is a church of the Greeks; and about a mile farther is seen, on an eminence, the table of Christ, that is, a stone upon which he and his disciples ate. Towards the south is a mount, called the Mount of the Virgin's Fear, because the Virgin Mary here understood that the men of Nazareth, having driven her son from the synagogue in which he had preached, intended to conduct him to another mountain, to precipitate him from it: here was formerly a monastery of monks. About an hour's distance from Nazareth is the mountain alluded to, from which they intended to throw Christ, and which is on that account called the Precipice of Christ.—From thence, by a very bad road, over hills, as you go to Jaffa, lies the country of Zebedee, and his sons, James the Great, and John the Evangelist. The church is destroyed; it is about three miles from Nazareth.. Nazareth is about ninety miles from Jerusalem by land, and about twenty-four from Acre.

From Nazareth you go to the sea of Tiberias, and first presents itself the city of Cana in Galilee, about four miles from Nazareth. In this

place it was that Jesus converted the water into wine; and it is said to have been the country of the apostles Bartholomew, Simon the Canaanite, and St. Matthew. From this place you go to the sepulchre of the prophet Jonas, on a mountain two or three miles from the road, and about six miles from Nazareth.—About 12 miles further, passing through a large plain, you go to the place called the Table of Christ, where, with seven loaves and two fishes, he satisfied 4000 persons. At a little distance is the Mount of Blessings, where the Saviour declared the eight blessings—"Blessed are the poor in spirit," &c. On the top of the mount ruins are yet to be seen. About six miles farther is another mount, from which is seen the city of Tiberias, surrounded by a wall.

In this place Jesus Christ, after being risen from the dead, constituted Peter chief of the apostles, head and master of the world. The Turks have destroyed this place. Tiberias is distant from Nazareth about twenty-four miles. A little way farther, near the sea of Gallilee, is the famous city of Capernaum, where our Saviour preached for the first time the doctrine of the most august eucharist; where he cured the paralytic; where St. Matthew, standing at the "receipt of custom," was called by him, and followed him; and where he cured the centurion.

All the places here described are true and genuine, and the devout pilgrim will be able by this description to form an idea of them so as not to forget them—Praise to God.

Jerusalem, Oct. 22, 1800.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

THE enclosed is an address delivered to the Lodge of United Friendship; being pleased with it, I requested the copy, for the use of your excellent miscellany.

Yours, &c.

Gravesend, JOHN BRYAN.
May 5, 1803.

"MASONRY is the daughter of Heaven, nurtured and fostered in the bosom of the Almighty, invisible, supreme, grand architect, and by him sent down to earth to enlighten and improve the mind of man, his mighty masterpiece of this his vast creation. To elucidate its beauties is worthy the most exalted talents: but, for a general idea, I shall endeavour to prove some of its advantages, and some that, I trust, will be acknowledged such by brethren who have long been brought out of darkness, to enjoy the true light of these our sacred mysteries.

"They are briefly these—that masonry is calculated to make men happy, wise, and good. That man is a being formed for society, has been fully and incontestibly proved by men of the greatest learning in all ages; and if so, he is entitled to all the comforts and pleasures that flow from society—and from these comforts and pleasures it is that man makes up his happiness. Look, then, my brethren, among the various

assemblies of men, and see if you can find such real matter for solid happiness as in these our favored lodges. Believe me, none. Prudence presides over our meetings, and temperance crowns our bowls: no Bachanalian riots, no envy, hatred, malice, nor slander enter here; but, on the contrary, peace, harmony, and love delight to dwell among us; these employ our hours in cultivating our manners and improving our understanding. Virtue is the great object of our pursuit; 'that stedfast purpose and firm will of doing those things which nature hath dictated to us as the best and most salutary; that habit of the soul by which mankind are inclined to do the things which are upright and good, and to avoid those that are evil.' And in this pursuit, my brethren, we must be happy. The passions here are curbed, the mind made tranquil; the rule of our life's laid down in such a pleasing manner, our passage through existence marked in such strong colours, that the most unlettered here may learn, and the most ignorant be convinced, that in our society there is a never-failing spring of joy, of comfort, and of happiness for those who will adhere unto its salutary laws and principles.

"That masonry is calculated to make men wise, will readily appear, when we consider, that it 'comprehends within its circle every branch of useful knowledge and learning.' No art, no science that it does not reach. The mind that is bent on study will never want a theme to exercise its talents. From the artificer to the philosopher, here is solid matter for

contemplation: the architect may here improve his plans with wisdom, strength, and beauty; the geometrician here may trace his problems to perfection—the point, the line, the circle, and the angle are all explained and demonstrated clear; the geographer may traverse seas, encompass continents, explore whole empires, nor fear to travel from the torrid to the frigid zone unhurt by burning heat or piercing cold. The astronomer may here behold the azure vault of Heaven bedecked with stars and planets, moving in awful silence in their orbits round the sun, that great and grand luminary of light and heat, placed in the centre from the first of time, to be the source of seasons, to cause the vicissitudes of day and night, the great parent of vegetation, and the friend of man. Delightful science! that expands the mind, and leads the creature to so just a sense of the Creator, that he must see his own unworthiness, and wonder and adore.

"Would you seek wisdom, then, my brethren, ye have not far to go. 'Tis said 'she seeks the secret shade, the lonely cell designed for contemplation, and there enthroned, she sits delivering her sacred oracles.' It is true she does, and there we ought to seek her; but, my brethren, adepts in masonry, her true votaries, can ever find her in a perfect lodge: she loves her sons, and when they meet to contemplate her beauties, she ever will attend them. The most unskilled in masonry, when he adverts but to the CENTRE of his LODGE, must readily allow that there is wisdom's throne, and there,

when masons meet, she sits to be consulted. Then, my worthy brethren, when we assemble thus together, consider well this sacred emblem, and we shall ever find that masonry is replete with useful lessons to make men wise indeed.

" To make men good, nothing is so essential as the study of religion, and proud am I to assert, in defiance to all the enemies of this our ancient and venerable institution, that *this*, my brethren, this is the very rock on which the foundation of our royal order is laid. The wind may blow, the rain descend, the flood beat hard upon our building, but it will not fall; nay even time himself, whose iron hand has wrought such devastation through the earth, shakes not our stately fabric--here he stops short to wonder and admire, and instead of undermining our foundation, casts a bank about it to keep corroding envy from our walls.

Look but to the furniture our lodge contains, and we shall there behold that which is necessary to make us all good men and masons. The book of the law of the Lord continually open to the eye, that the mind may never lose sight of the great object of our pursuit; the preparing and rendering ourselves fit members for the celestial lodge that's held eternal in the Heavens, whither we know we cannot gain admittance unless in full possession of and bearing with us the sign and token of a well spent life. Nor is the sacred volume only laid before us as a bare remembrance of our duty: from its divine contents we gather truth of importance for

our leisure hours. Our master, too, with all the kindness of a tender parent, watches with vigilance the inclinations and the manners of all his brethren present; he circumscribes the work, and limits to each his portion; the giddy and unthinking meet with mild reproof, while industry and merit receive their due reward. Thus we know no evil in a mason's lodge: we clothe ourselves with innocence, and beg a blessing on our happy meeting. No politics nor vain disputes are introduced to spoil our heartfelt joy: the works of nature and of nature's God employ our time, and fill our minds with peace. We greet with brotherly affection, and when the task assigned us is performed, we readily assist where help is needed. Brotherly love, relief, and truth are tenets of our profession, and that mason who practices this profession cannot fail to be a good man. 'To be good and true,' is the first lesson we are taught in masonry, and a valuable lesson it is—a lesson, well performed, must raise us high in estimation with all the worthy, good, and great, tho' they may not be brother masons. Let us, my brethren, let us with heart and mind resolve in this to be correct: then will the glory of the craft shine forth in all the brightness of meridian splendor, and the whole world be well convinced that masonry is formed to make men HAPPY, WISE, and GOOD."

Your's truly,

BR. H. SWINNEY.

To Mr. John Bryan, R.W.M.

The British Traveller.

NO. II.

DESCRIPTION OF MADRID.

Concluded from last volume, page 346.

LET us now take a view of the promenades of Madrid. We will begin by the most celebrated, namely the Prado (pronounced Pra-o).

The Prado is a walk about three quarters of an hour long, and is situated almost at the extremity of the town, which it intersects from the gate of the Recoletos to that of Atocha. The walks here are likewise intersected by the street of San Hieronimo, that of the Jardin Botanico, and that of Atocha. Its entrance and first division from the Puerta de Recoletos as far as the street of Alcala is narrow, having only one avenue of trees running along beside the great street, and at the extremity is a superb fountain, whither people rarely go. The second part, from the street of Alcala to that of San Hieronimo, has in the middle a broad avenue that follows the road furnished with benches and adorned with an antique fountain. The third part from the street of San Hieronimo to that of the Jardin Botanico is narrower, and has has only two avenues on the sides which inclose the road between them and a fountain at each end. The fourth part from

the street of the Jardin Botanico to that of Atocha pursues the same line along the fosse, and at the end is another fountain. Independently of the principal entry which intersects the whole Prado there is another on the right side, both lined with houses and gardens.

The first appearance of the Prado beginning from the calle de Alcala is very grand; the breadth of the street, the palaces, the monasteries with their terraces, and the other edifices, all of fine architecture, the view of the magnificent gate to which one of the avenues leads, the four rows of large tufted trees, and the superb fountains of marble, all these objects produce a very striking effect. The same may be said of the view from the street of San Hieronimo, which presents at its entrance a palace, a magnificent hospital, and two superb monasteries, and in front the royal residence of Buen Retiro. The third point of view from the street of the Jardin Botanico is more confined, and has nothing in it remarkable. That from the calle de Atocha is extremely animated, and the eye plunges into a long avenue extending as far as the monastery of San Thomas.

The embellishment of the Prado, as is well known, was the work of the Conde de Aranda. The soil opposed the greatest obstacles to such plantations, but these have been overcome by means of an artificial irrigation, effected at a very considerable expense. For this purpose small canals a foot in depth and breadth have been cut among the trees, and are every day supplied from the fountains. Round each tree

is a small circular fosse, in which the water is retained till it mounts high enough to run off in the next canal. Thus the trees, which are mostly elms and chesnuts, continually retain their verdure.

The clock strikes four and the siesta is past. The walks of the Prado are watered, the venders of sweetmeats and oranges appear, the chaise-drivers arrange their calesas, the walkers are dispersed up and down the avenues, coaches pass to occupy the middle road and gradually become numerous, the dragoons appointed to keep order arrive at their post, the files of carriages begin to form, growing longer and longer every moment, and presently hundreds of them begin to move gently along, while the middle is filled with gentlemen on horseback.

Nothing can be more interesting than this sight is rendered by the novelty of the scene. It is here that equipages of all kinds are displayed in the ancient and modern tastes, from the chariot of parade to the most miserable fiacre. This forms a most singular contrast both in individuals and in the general appearance of the whole. Here we see an elegant vis-a-vis drawn by a pair of decrepit mules with halters on their heads and harnessed with cords, there fine coursers with English acoutrements drawing a heavy gothic coach, a troop of powdered lacquies and a dirty coachman in a grey cloak, the most ridiculous assemblage of colours in the liveries, and the strangest paintings and grotesque shapes together with a profusion of vulgar gilding and other ornaments;

in short, a barbarous mixture of every thing the most discordant. I will venture to assert, that among near two hundred carriages that passed in review before us, we did not observe ten that were tolerable, or such as may be seen in the great capitals of Germany, as for instance at Berlin, and above all, there were not twenty drawn by horses, mules being generally preferred, because they bear fatigue better. In addition to this there is suspended behind each carriage a small painted foot-stool, to be placed under the step when the company choose to get out.

The appearance of the company within is no less interesting. They are indeed very completely seen, because the side pannels are taken out or formed of glass. The veil, the *basquina* petticoat, and in a word the whole Spanish costume have now disappeared; the ladies vie with each other in the fashion and adjustment of their dress, they are all transformed into Greeks, and the nudities (for which the climate is an excuse) are authorised by the examples of their models.

What vivacity! what art! what a struggle to attract attention, to bow to one another, to be observed, and to make mutual sighs! Young girls with their duennas, belles with their cortejos, old dukes with their confessors, nurses with their children, priests with pampered faces, officers full of impudence, old mummies of duchesses, and young children playing! But how shall I pourtray a moving picture, that changes every moment?—Here are lacqueys running to perform their masters' orders, com-

pany on foot going up to the carriages to say sweet things to the ladies, some carriages quitting the rank, and replaced by others; there a restive mule disturbing the whole train, the dragoons prancing on all sides, people on horseback crossing, beggars and fruit-sellers following the carriages, and no object remaining a single moment in the same posture.

The seats, which extend from the botanic garden to the other end of the Prado, are all occupied by the particoloured crowd of spectators, as well as the chairs in the principal avenue, which swarms with people walking. The lateral avenues of Buen Retiro, and the green sward at the upper end are equally full. The water-carriers go crying out along the middle of the avenues, the patroles silently walk along them. The people on foot return gaily from the promenade, the whole Prado resounds with a kind of buzzing murmur, and if the veils of the women and the men's cloaks admitted of more variety, it would be completely charming.

But twilight at length comes on, the bells ring for the angelus, when the whole company become as fixed as statues, and every carriage stops. The prayer being finished, they again begin to move, and carriages obstruct every street. At this hour the tertullas commence, and the Prado begins to be more tranquil; but this voluptuous obscurity, the magic play of the moon's shadows, the balmy odours of the botanic garden, and the harmonious sounds of guitars still detain the foreigner, till the deepening

shades and a universal calm induce him to retire.

There is another promenade in the neighbourhood of the Prado, the garden of Retiro, that vast but uninteresting palace, so well known to all the world. Although this garden daily falls off, yet it still retains some charms. Its elevated situation, which commands a part of the Prado, the town, and neighbouring country, its pure and refreshing air, its fine avenues of trees and pleasing groves, a large sheet of water, and several smaller basins, the shady mall, and a superb menagerie of foreign animals, the great porcelain manufactory, and the artificers' dwellings every night attract a great deal of company, who sometimes crowd each other much in the walks along the waterside and the great mall.

It is the first class that principally frequents this garden, because an entire freedom in dress prevails there, and more particularly because the women are obliged, by an ancient order of Count Aranda (which is rigorously observed) to unveil on entering. Hence the fashions and changes of dress may here be viewed at once. As to the men, they are also subject to a particular law, which however is by no means oppressive, that of taking off their hats for a few moments when they enter the garden, which the sentinels are so attentive to enforce, that to every stranger who is ignorant of this usage they call out, "Senor a la entrada se quita el sombrero." "On entering here, Sir, you must take off your hat."

There is a third promenade, formed by the avenues of trees, extending from the gate of Atocha to the Manzanares, called El passeo de las delicias, one of which leads directly by the bridge over the canal to the river; the other turns off to the right, crosses the fields, and again joins the former near the canal. The trees, which are well kept up, are lofty and tufted, and the place commands a view of a rich and verdant plain watered by an infinity of small fosses.

Both persons of fashion and the common people frequent this promenade, the former before they go in their carriages to the Prado, the latter on Sundays. The principal object is to breathe a cooler and purer air. Hence carriages are always seen waiting, while the company are walking in the great meadow that runs along the Manzanares. This last promenade is crowded, especially on Sundays with persons of every description, who pass the afternoon in dancing, eating, and playing at pelota, and other games.

There is another very agreeable avenue, before you arrive at the gate of Atocha, turning to the left at the end of the Prado: it leads to a carthusian monastery. But this walk is rather solitary, and it is only when the number of carriages at the Prado is very great that the ranks extend hither, and that but very rarely.

Out of the gate to the left you pass before some very fine gardens, which are full of vegetables, and each watered by a kind of chain pump, and a thick shady avenue leads along the

edge of the fields to the gate of Alcala. The scenery here is pleasant and rural, consisting of farms, sheep at pasture, husbandmen guiding the plough, and the great road, which is full of passengers and carriages.

These are the promenades to the eastward: we shall now describe the western parts out of the gate called la Puerta de Segovia.

Before traversing the superb bridge, which is worthy of a finer river, the traveller may turn to the right along an avenue of trees leading to the palace of Prado. To the left he will see the coppice of the Manzanares, near which upon a height is the new royal palace. However various may be the judgments of architects relative to that as yet unformed mass, all agree that in this point of view it produces a disagreeable effect. A dead wall in ruins, with a few houses of no great appearance rising above it, a mean gate, and a dirty sandhill, are not the embellishments we expect to adorn the approaches to a building intended for the residence of the first personages of the state.

But let us pursue our route, which now leaves the Manzanares. The road is enlivened by fine gardens on both sides, and the scenery is pleasing and rural. Here and there are chapels, farms, houses of rustic entertainment, and we breathe the pure air from the Guadarrama mountains.

To return home we descend into the valley, where a small river runs in various narrow channels. In this part are seen several delightful groves, and on the banks of the different

channels an infinity of washerwomen, each having her separate washing place, where they extend their linen in summer, and all the neighbourhood is full of huts for washing and places for drying clothes. But without seeing the spot it is impossible to form an idea of the tumultuous chattering of so many washerwomen assembled together.

The back part of this avenue, which is bounded by several meadows, serves on Sundays as a place of assembly and of recreation for the middling class who inhabit the western part of the capital, at which time the whole plain is covered with people taking their refreshments on the turf, playing at pelota or at cards, and dancing boleros.

To the left of the gate of Segovia we soon come to a pleasant road leading to fertile fields and commanding a view of the cultivated hills to the right beyond the Manzanares. This road insensibly ascends and to the left are seen some tippling-houses, where the soldiers of the Swiss regiments are accustomed to assemble to play at different games. All languages are heard there, but the German is most prevalent, and the sides of the road are seldom without spectators.

Farther on to the right are a still greater number of rural houses of entertainment. Those who go there to drink, sit along the road or under arbours shaded with branches of fir, where they gayly pour libations to the god of wine. But presently the Manzanares and neighbouring banks are again discovered, then

the magnificent bridge of Toledo, and in the distance the vineyard houses, which join the farthest of the washerwomen's huts. Proceeding still in a straight line we come again to the passeo de las delicias, of which we have already given a description.

By this sketch the reader will perceive that most of the environs of Madrid are not so naked or so dreary as they were perhaps thirty years ago. To the northward and eastward also are fields mostly cultivated, and by degrees the inhabitants will level the banks of sand and of calcareous earth that still remain. When we reflect on the difficulties arising from a barren soil, a burning climate, and the scarcity of water, we cannot sufficiently applaud the assiduity and zeal bestowed by government on the embellishment of the metropolis.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, AT SOMERSET-HOUSE, FOR THE YEAR 1803.

Being the Thirty fifth.

Inani picturâ animum pascit. VIRGIL.
He, with the empty picture, feeds the mind.

WE commenced our account of the EXHIBITION last year with observing, that *war* having ceased, we may now reasonably expect that the fine arts will flourish abundantly: we are happy to perceive that this remark is confirmed. It is understood that more pic-

tures were offered for exhibition this year than at any former period; and we may with truth declare that the paintings actually exhibited are particularly worthy of attention.

The *historical paintings* are usually classed either according to sacred or to profane history. Neither of these are numerous—but a few shall be mentioned.

Clothing the Naked, by Opie; *St. John preaching in the Wilderness*, by Turner; *Tobit driving away the evil Spirit*, by Artaud; *Moses placed in the Bulrushes by his Mother* and the *Infant Moses treading on the Crown of Pharaoh*, by Opie; *Christ bearing the Cross*, as well as *Christ and the Samaritan Woman*, by Keman; *Christ appearing to two of his Disciples at Emmaus*, by Assen—these are pieces possessing indeed various merits, but yet worthy of considerable notice. The president generally presents a great many paintings on sacred subjects: on this occasion he has been very sparing of his talents; with the reasons we are not acquainted.

Thetis and Aurora, by Fuseli, and *Peter the Great founding Petersburgh*, the capital of Russia, by Strochling, are the only two paintings which caught our attention on the topics of profane history. The former may with more accuracy be characterized as a portion of the heathen mythology; whilst the latter rouses internal reflections, being the metropolis of an empire which covers so large a space of the old world.

Portraits are as usual very numerous, but upon the whole calculated to please and impress the heart. They relate to persons of dis-

tinction, and are executed with superior ability. Among these we recognised *Mrs. Robinson*, by Owen; *Mrs. Butler*, author of many popular productions for schools, by Ashley; *H. Davy, Esq.* professor of chemistry to the Royal Institution, by Howard; *Princess Augusta*, by Sharp; *Lord Thurlow*, by Lawrence; *Earl Romney*, by Beechy; *Mr. Mackintosh*, by Opie; *Sir Wm. Staines*, by Beechy; *Earl Stanhope*, by Opie; *Bishops of Durham and of Carlisle*, by Hoppner; *Speaker of the House of Commons*, by Northcote; *Dr. Jenner*, by Northcote; *Capt. Riou*, killed off Copenhagen, by Shelley; *Dean of Killalla*, a fine piece by Shee; *Dr. Parr*, by Artaud; *Mr. Wansey*, by Phillips; and *Hon. Charles Fox*, by Lonsdale—with these portraits we were particularly gratified.

Nor would it be just to pass over in silence the *Portraits of two young Ladies*, by SLATER—they are executed with taste, and manifest a degree of talent which cannot fail of rendering the artist respectable in his profession.

Before we quit the *portraits*, it may be proper also just to remark, that Mr. ASHBY's portraits of *Lord Charles Spencer* and *Mr. Butler* are exquisitely hit off; that of the latter gentleman is a strong resemblance, and will be viewed with interest by all those who enjoy his friendship, or have received the advantage of his instructions. Indeed both portraits are proofs of the rapid strides which Mr. Ashby is making towards eminence in the art.

Landscapes there were of different complexions: those taken from the northern parts

of England, from Wales, from Scotland, and from Switzerland, had an air of wildness about them gratifying to our sensibility But the views which most excited our notice were those of the interior of the *Parys Mountain Copper-mines* in the isle of Anglesea, North Wales, by Havle; *View in Sussex, with a Hay-cart,* by Bourgeois; *View on the River Wye,* by Rathbone; *View of London,* from Greenwich-park, by Daniel; and the *View of Vinegar-hill,* near Wexford, by Roberts, where the Irish rebels, in 1798, committed atrocious cruelties.

Of *Moral Pictures,* the *Cottage Grandfather* is beautifully expressive; but the *Cave of Despair,* by Greathead, fills us with horror: it is taken from Spenser's Fairy Queen, and the countenances are terrible beyond expression—the haggard figure who has just stabbed an individual near him, is the very image of poverty and desperation. The description of Spenser is expressive:

"That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind;
His griesly lockes, long growen and unbound,
Disordred hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind, and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts:

And him beside, there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood."

Crossing the Brook, by Thomson, as it depicts innocence, may be classed under this head; it is an engaging piece: a female figure is leading by the hand a little boy, and the following lines are supposed to be her language to the child:

"But one step more—be not in haste,
This stone's as slippery as the last:
Step cautiously—the danger's past!
Now we'll trudge homeward cheerily,
You'll tell your brothers where you've been,
And what you've done, and what you've seen,
How gay the fair was on the green,
And how the day past merrily!

We may also mention *Mr. T. Stokes mourning upon the Tomb of his Consort*, she appearing to him as a heavenly spirit to comfort him, by Kaman; it represents the consolation flowing from the belief of a blessed immortality.

The *Miniatures* were pleasing, particularly those by *Hazlitt*; in general they were well finished, and did we know the originals, they might probably be deserving the tribute of praise for their fidelity.

Ludicrous Pictures were not numerous. The *Spectator's Club*, by Stothard; a *Mountebank Scene*, by Rothen; *Shylock*, by Phillips; and the *Sai-*

lor's Revels, by Wilson, were exquisite of their kind. Don Quixotte is the source from which the artist draws on this subject; but we recollect seeing none on this occasion.

Sea Pieces are interesting, because the dominion of the seas may be said to belong to Britons. *His Majesty's Frigate Brilliant*, and the *Hon. East India Company's Ship Rockingham*, by Pocock, are entitled to attention. His Majesty's ship *Le Tigre*, as seen from the artillery wharf near Constantinople, by R. K. Porter, is a piece well worthy of examination.

Among the *Rural Pieces* we were much gratified with a *Landscape and Cattle*, by Mr. Baynes; there is a chaste simplicity with which the spectator of taste cannot fail of being pleased. The *Sailor boy in a Wood* robbed of his Prize-money, is beautiful, and also the *Money restored* to him, both by Bigg; they are well planned and executed.

In the *Model Academy* are many busts of merit: those of *West* the president, *Hon. Charles Fox*, *Lord Moira*, *Arthur Young*, and the late *Earl of Fauconberg*, seem good likenesses. Plans of various buildings have a grand appearance, and the fronts of gentlemen's seats indicate peace and plenty. Sketches of the *New Gaol at Cambridge* and of a *Goal now erecting in Ireland* however accurately done, are not pleasing objects to the benevolent mind. They may be necessary and highly proper, but the multiplication of prisons always betrays the depraved state of society amongst us.

We close with observing, that upon the whole, we are much gratified with the present exhibition. Peace has uniformly an auspicious influence on the fine arts: should this inestimable blessing therefore be continued to us, we may expect a proportionable improvement.—And it is a noble consideration, that the cultivation of the fine arts is in many respects favorable to the best interests of mankind—it involves the melioration of society.

E.

INTERVIEW

BETWEEN LORD WHITWORTH AND THE FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE.

IT is foreign to the plan of the MONTHLY VISITOR to enter at length into political topics; yet, as many of our readers may not have an opportunity of perusing the official papers on the subject of the late negociation, we insert the following remarkable conversation which took place between the two persons above-mentioned, and which was transmitted to Lord Hawkesbury in the month of February last. We conceive this article highly interesting, on the principle that it is the best evidence we can produce of the duplicity, as well as of the ungovernable and ambitious disposition of the chief ruler of the people of France.

Letter from His Excellency Lord Whitworth, His Majesty's Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary to the French Republic, to Lord Hawkesbury, principal Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

MY LORD, *Paris, February* 21, 1803.

My last dispatch, in which I gave your lordship an account of my conference with M. de Talleyrand, was scarcely gone, when I received a note from him, informing me that the First Consul wished to converse with me, and desired I would come to him at the Thuilleries at nine o'clock. He received me in his cabinet with tolerable cordiality, and after talking on different subjects for a few minutes, he desired me to sit down, as he himself did on the other side of the table, and began. He told me, that he felt it necessary, after what had passed between me and M. de Talleyrand, that he should in the most clear and authentic manner make known his sentiments to me, in order to their being communicated to his majesty; and he conceived this would be more effectually done by himself than through any medium whatever. He said, that it was a matter of infinite disappointment to him, that the treaty of Amiens, instead of being followed by conciliation and friendship, the natural effects of peace, had been productive only of continual and increasing jealousy and mistrust; and that this mistrust was now avowed in such a manner as must bring the point to an issue.

He now enumerated the several provocations which he pretended to have received from England. He placed in the first line our not evacuating Malta and Alexandria as we were bound to do by treaty. In this he said that no consideration on earth should make him acquiesce; and of the two he had rather see us in possession of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine than Malta. He then adverted to the abuse thrown out against him in the English public prints; but this he said he did not so much regard as that which appeared in the French papers published in London. This he considered as much more mischievous, since it was meant to excite this country against him and his government. He complained of the protection given to Georges and others of his description, who instead of being sent to Canada, as had been repeatedly promised, were permitted to remain in England, handsomely pensioned, and constantly committing all sorts of crimes on the coasts of France, as well as in the interior. In confirmation of this, he told me, that two men had within these few days been apprehended in Normandy, and were now on their way to Paris, who were hired assassins, and employed by the Bishop of Arras, by the Baron de Rolle, by Georges, and by Dutheil, as would be fully proved in a court of justice, and made known to the world.

He acknowledged, that the irritation he felt against England increased daily, because every wind (I make use as much as I can of his own ideas and expressions) which blew from Eng-

land brought nothing but enmity and hatred against him.

He now went back to Egypt, and told me, that if he had felt the smallest inclination to take possession of it by force, he might have done it a month ago, by sending 25,000 men to Aboukir, who would have possessed themselves of the whole country in defiance of the 4,000 British in Alexandria. That instead of that garrison being a means of protecting Egypt, it was only furnishing him with a pretence for invading it. This he should not do, whatever might be his desire to have it as a colony, because he did not think it worth the risk of a war in which he might perhaps be considered as the aggressor, and by which he should lose more than he could gain, since sooner or later Egypt would belong to France, either by the falling to pieces of the Turkish empire, or by some arrangement with the Porte.

As a proof of his desire to maintain peace, he wished to know what he had to gain by going to war with England. A descent was the only means of offence he had, and that he was determined to attempt, by putting himself at the head of the expedition. But how could it be supposed, that after having gained the height on which he stood, he would risk his life and reputation in such a hazardous attempt, unless forced to it by necessity, when the chances were that he and the greatest part of the expedition would go to the bottom of the sea. He talked much on this subject, but never affected to diminish the danger. He acknowledged

that there were one hundred chances to one against him; but still he was determined to attempt it, if war should be the consequence of the present discussion; and that such was the disposition of the troops that army after army would be found for the enterprize.

He then expatiated much on the natural force of the two countries. France with an army of four hundred and eighty thousand men, for to this amount, it is, he said, to be immediately completed, all ready for the most desperate enterprizes; and England with a fleet that made her mistress of the seas, and which he did not think he should be able to equal in less than ten years. Two such countries, by a proper understanding, might govern the world, but by their strifes might overturn it. He said, that if he had not felt the enmity of the British government on every occasion since the treaty of Amiens, there would have been nothing that he would not have done to prove his desire to conciliate; participation in indemnities as well as in influence on the Continent, treaties of commerce, in short, any thing that could have given satisfaction, and have testified his friendship. Nothing, however, had been able to conquer the hatred of the British government, and therefore it was now come to the point, whether we should have peace or war. To preserve peace, the treaty of Amiens must be fulfilled; the abuse in the public prints, if not totally suppressed, at least kept within bounds, and confined to the English papers; and the

protection so openly given to his bitterest enemies (alluding to Georges and persons of that description) must be withdrawn. If war, it was necessary only to say so, and to refuse to fulfil the treaty. He now made the tour of Europe, to prove to me, that in its present state, there was no power with which we could coalesce for the purpose of making war against France: consequently it was our interest to gain time, and if we had any point to gain, renew the war when circumstances were more favourable. He said, it was not doing him justice to suppose, that he conceived himself above the opinion of his country or of Europe. He would not risk uniting Europe against him by any violent act of aggression; neither was he so powerful in France as to persuade the nation to go to war, unless on good grounds. He said, that he had not chastised the Algerines, from his unwillingness to excite the jealousy of other powers, but he hoped that England, Russia, and France would one day feel that it was their interests to destroy such a nest of thieves, and force them to live rather by cultivating their land than by plunder.

In the little I said to him, for he gave me in the course of two hours but very few opportunities of saying a word, I confined myself strictly to the tenor of your lordship's instructions. I urged them in the same manner as I had done to M. Talleyrand, and dwelt as strongly as I could on the sensation which the publication of Sebastiani's report had created in England, where the views of France towards Egypt must always command the utmost

vigilance and jealousy. He maintained that what ought to convince us of his desire of peace, was on the one hand the little he had to gain by renewing the war, and on the other the facility with which he might have taken possession of Egypt with the very ships and troops which were now going from the Mediterranean to St. Domingo, and that with the approbation of all Europe, and more particularly of the Turks, who had repeatedly invited him to join with them for the purpose of forcing us to evacuate their territory.

I do not pretend to follow the arguments of the First Consul in detail; this would be impossible, from the vast variety of matter, which he took occasion to introduce. His purpose was evidently to convince me that on Malta must depend peace or war, and at the same time to impress upon my mind a strong idea of the means he possessed of annoying us at home and abroad.

With regard to the mistrust and jealousy which he said constantly prevailed since the conclusion of the treaty of Amiens, I observed that after a war of such long duration, so full of rancour, and carried on in a manner of which history has not exampled, it was but natural that a considerable degree of agitation should prevail; but this, like the swell after a storm, would gradually subside, if not kept up by the policy of either party; that I could not pretend to pronounce which has been the aggressor in the paper war of which he had complained, and which was still kept up, though

with this difference, that in England it was independent of government, and in France its very act and deed. To this I added, that it must be admitted that we had such motives of mistrust against France as could not be alledged against us; and as I was going to instance the accession of territory and influence gained by France since the treaty, when he interrupted me by saying, I suppose you mean Piedmont and Switzerland; "ce sont des Bagatelles:" and it must be foreseen whilst the negociation was pending; "Vous n'avez pas le Droit d'en parler à cette Heure." I then alledged as a cause of mistrust and jealousy, the impossibility of obtaining justice or any kind of redress for any of His Majesty's subjects. He asked me in what respect: and I told him that since the signing of the treaty not one British claimant had been satisfied, although every Frenchman of that description had been so within one month after that period; and that since I had been here, I could say as much as my predecessors, not one satisfactory answer had been obtained to the innumerable representations which we had been under the necessity of making in favour of British subjects and property detained in the several ports of France and elsewhere, without even a shadow of justice: such an order of things, I said, was not made to inspire confidence; but, on the contrary, must create mistrust. This, he said, must be attributed to the natural difficulties attending such suits, when both parties thought themselves right; but he denied that such delays could proceed from any disinclination to

do what was just and right. With regard to the pensions which were granted to French or Swiss Individuals, as I observed that they were given as a reward for past services during the war, and most certainly not for present ones, and still less for such as had been insinuated, of a nature repugnant to the feelings of every individual in England, and to the universally acknowledged loyalty and honour of the British government. That as for any participation of indemnities, or other accesions which His Majesty might have obtained, I could take upon myself to assure him that His Majesty's ambition led him rather to preserve than to acquire. And that with regard to the most propitious moment for renewing hostilities, His Majesty, whose sincere desire it was to continue the blessings of peace to his subjects, would always consider such a measure as the greatest calamity; but that if His Majesty was desirous of peace, it must not be imputed to the difficulty of obtaining allies; and the less so, as those means which might be necessary to afford such allies, for perhaps inadequate services, would all be concentrated in England, and give a proportionate increase of energy to our own exertions.

At this part of the conversation he rose from his chair, and told me that he should give orders to General Andreossy to enter on a discussion of this business with your Lordship, but he wished that I should at the same time be made acquainted with his motives and convinced of his sincerity rather from himself than from his

ministers. He then, after a conversation of two hours, during the greatest part of which he talked incessantly, conversed for a few moments on indifferent subjects, in apparent good humour and retired.

Such was nearly, as I can recollect, the purport of this conference.

It must however be observed that he did not, as M. Talleyrand had done, affect to attribute Colonel Sebastiani's mission to commercial motives only, but as one rendered necessary in a military point of view, by the infraction by us of the Treaty of Amiens.

I have the honor to be, &c.

WHITWORTH.

P.S. This conversation took place on Friday last, and this morning I saw M. de Talleyrand. He had been with the First Consul after I left him, and he assured me that he had been very well satisfied with the frankness with which I had made my observations on what fell from him. I told him, that without entering into any farther detail, what I had said to the First Consul amounted to an assurance, of what I trusted there could be no doubt, of the readiness of His Majesty's ministers to remove all subjects of discussion, where that could be done without violating the laws of the country, and and to fulfil strictly the engagements which they had contracted, in as much as that could be reconciled with the safety of the state. As this applied to Malta and Egypt, he gave me to understand that a project was in contemplation, by which the integrity of the Turkish empire

would be so effectually secured as to do away every cause of doubt or uneasiness, either with regard to Egypt or any part of the Turkish dominions. He could not then, he said, explain himself any farther. Under these circumstances no one can expect that we should relinquish that assurance which we have in hand, till something equally satisfactory is proposed and adopted.

WHITWORTH.

VIEW OF AN ASSEMBLY OF THE SHECHS.

(See the annexed Plate.)

THE annexed view of an assembly of Shechs, and Egyptian rulers, as described by M. Denon, in his Travels in Egypt, will, we trust, afford some degree of gratification to our readers; it is taken from a design made on the spot, by that ingenious and enlightened traveller, and from which some idea may be formed of the Egyptian manner of discussing the important concerns of government: in this assembly, the welfare of the husbandman is a principal object of attention; where the prizes are distributed to those who distinguished themselves in the course of ten years. It is held under a large sycamore tree: and here all the shechs of the villages are consulted on the opening of the canals, by which the country, for a vast distance round, is fortified.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Monday, May 16, was produced a musical piece in three acts, called the Fair Fugitives, written by Miss Porter, author of some novels; and though announced to have been received with *great applause*, was finally condemned on the *second* night. The story is borrowed from a novel by Mrs. Smith.

HAY-MARKET.

THIS theatre opened on Monday 16, with *No Prelude*, *Lovers Vows*, and *The Agreeable Surprise*. The occasional prelude, or *No Prelude*, comes from the pen of the manager, in which he displays his usual wit and a considerable degree of *vanity*. He has made himself, (though invisible) the hero of the piece, particularly in the manager's catechism, wherein the prompter (Mr. Waldron) puts the questions, and the deputy manager, (Mr. Elliston) returns the answers, by repeating the names of Mr. Colman's plays---for instance---"What must the proprietor practise in hopes to insure success in his new undertaking? *Ways and Means*. What are the odds he that will succeed? *Two to One*, &c." The manager has chiefly selected his company this season from the country theatres. Mr Elliston takes the stage management.

On Friday, 27, was produced a comic piece in two acts, called Mrs. Wiggins. From the little interest it possessed the majority of the house seemed to wish that it might be Mrs. Wiggins' last appearance.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR MAY, 1803.

ADULTERY.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.....PART II.

(*Continued from our last volume, p.* 413.)

1.

SWEETEST enjoyment of the soul refin'd,
On earth, O Hymen! still the genial sigh
And melting glance, that speak the enamour'd mind,
Prompt but for one, and bid the gentle joy
Be his alone. Nor let the wanton eye
Of beauty lure adultery from his lair,
With ruin and remorse, death and unmov'd despair.

2.

Lothario sojourn'd in the bow'rs of ease,
By friendship shelter'd from the storms of care;
But soon he panted for the hallow'd bliss
Of Ellen's love, and, spurning weak despair,
Resolv'd to perish, or possess the fair.
And first, in silent gloom, with frenzied starts,
He 'gan to ply adultery's oft successful arts.

3.

At length when Edward from his friends retir'd,
With added treasure to enrich his mind,
Or when with love of rural pastime fir'd,
He sought on breezy mountains health to find,
Lothario with excuses staid behind,
And with the guile of flattering converse strove
To move fair Ellen's mind toward his illicit love.

4.

Now might be told the love-impassion'd voice,
The glances beaming with unhallow'd flame;
But down the sun would sink in summer skies
E'er half his vile essays would have a name:
Yet various censure did he ceaseless aim
Against his friend, who thus in lonely sort
Could leave his nuptial choice, to range abroad with sport.

5.

So when a castle, which aloft displays
The banner'd honors of some gallant knight,
Attracts the hostile chieftain's envying gaze,
He calls his silent vassals to the fight,
Lurking at first beneath dark shades of night,
He forms the distant line, then gradual near
Advancing to the walls, lifts high his deadly spear.

6.

Oft would she ask him of the long left town,
The various circles, and the splendid joys
Which once she knew: and oft with her alone
Would he extoll those pleasures to the skies,
Affect to want expressions of surprize,
That she, by nature made to be admir'd,
Should thus 'mid rustics live, from fashion's realms retir'd.

7.

Then would he count the various pleasures o'er
Her realms afford. At length each form returns
With rapture once associate. No more
She smiles in solitude—for throngs she burns,
The lone enjoyments of the country spurns;
With scoffs and scorning sees the sun go down,
And with his fading rays compares the blazing town.

8.

"Edward," she cried, "my warmest hopes require
Again those scenes of joy where first we met;
Comply, my husband, with the fond desire,
These melancholy haunts of clowns forget—
Let us away!"—"And wouldst thou leave this seat
Of innocence and comfort?" he replied,
"To plunge amid the gloom of discontented pride!

9.

"Forbid it, Heav'n! these shades be ours for life;
Safe from temptation, we will here remain,
The faithful husband and the modest wife:
From aims of dissipation's guileful train,
Here are we fix'd by nature's tenderest chain:
These helpless infants claim our constant care,
Ah! let no foreign bliss their mother's bosom share!"

10.

Need not be told her oft repeated pray'r,
How disappointment heard the same reply,
How then Lothario watch'd the angry fair
Burning with ardor toward forbidden joy;
Appear'd to heave for her the generous sigh,
While indignation shook his scornful soul—
Thus bursting in her cause the fetters of controul.

11.

" Ah, much abus'd! Edward no more can share
With me the proudest feeling of mankind;
He seems unmindful, fairest of the fair,
That beauty, wit, and matchless grace combin'd,
Were not intended for the gaping hind.
To blur with coarse surprize; by favoring Heav'n
For princes and for courts to gaze on, they were given.

12.

" O! were I Edward, on the topmost height
Of man's gay pride should shine my lovely prize,
At once my glory and the world's delight:
The rich, the great, the trifler, and the wise
Should offer tribute to her beaming eyes,
And live by gazing on her peerless charms,
So the bright orb of day the wide horizon charms."

13.

Then would he check the treacherous debate,
And feign excuses—ah! too well receiv'd!
No more with bliss domestic now elate,
In gloomy silence thro' the day she griev'd;
And, by Lothario, of her smiles bereav'd,
She frown'd at all approach of social joy,
Pale grew her vermeil cheek, and dim her radiant eye.

14.

Oft with Lothario was the theme renew'd,
And still, with fiend-like rapture in his face,
The tale of pleasure's gay courts he pursu'd
" 'Tis there," he cried, " has reason still a place,
The groveling slaves of prejudice disgrace
Her high prerogative—but there she speaks
Godlike and bold in truth, the bonds of folly breaks!

15.

" What proud philosophy descends to teach,
Is practised there: there hoary fear unveil'd,
Stands stripp'd of all disguise. What parsons preach,
(Mere tools of state) is there by all assail'd,
Prov'd a mere juggle, by man's terrors veil'd:
So long the Druid in his gore-dy'd wood,
Bath'd his detested knife, and tyth'd the Briton's blood!

16.

" The marriage bonds she teaches to despise;
If two fond fools were lock'd in iron chains,
Their union might be firm. But what are ties
Form'd of mere words? What earthly cord restrains
The soul from action? What forbids the pains
Of love to ease? Nature gives appetite,
To urge the mind to joy and ever fresh delight.

17.

" Can nature do amiss?—And since we find
The soul is longing for variety,
Let not the rules of tyrants chain the mind
On one dull passion to satiety.
Who to the sweetest flow'r would fix the bee?
She roves from flow'r to flow'r and sips their sweets,
And at her will enjoys, and at her will retreats.

18.

" Such is the law of nature—such the rules
The changeful votaries of pleasure own;
They leave the bonds of priestcraft to dull fools,
Nature and reason are their gods alone,
To them continual change of joy is known:
Let the weak dotard live a joyless slave,
And feel, while yet he lives, the dullness of the grave.

19.

" But let my Ellen have a nobler aim,
Kind Heav'n has form'd her for extatic joy:
Be her transplanted to the realms of fame,
Let love and rapture all her thoughts employ,
Let her the phantoms of vain fear defy;
Let her begin the empire of her charms,
And fill the rival world with wonder and alarms."

20.

Such was his gradual converse, as he found
Her heart and ear adapted to the theme.
Oh! had religion laid the early ground
Of her opinions, not the tinsel gleam
Of pleasure, not the vicious sophist's dream
Had shook her wedded constancy; her heart,
Secur'd behind the shield, had scorn'd the insidious dart.

21.

Ah! do not linger on a deed so base!—
Elopement was resolv'd—by night they fled!
Dishonor'd wife now wedded to disgrace,
Delusive visions o'er her mind were spread:
" Pleasure," she cried, " thy dictates are obey'd,
Hence shall renown prolong my living name,
While fashion's altars blaze with incense to my fame!"

END OF THE SECOND PART.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Amicitia nisi inter bonos esse non potest.....*Cicero.*

1.

WHAT virtue can we name, or grace,
But men unqualified and base,
Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dullness of discretion.

2.

But as the gem of richest cost
Is ever counterfeited most,
So always imitation
Employs the utmost skill she can
To counterfeit the faithful man,
The friend of long duration.

3.

Some will pronounce me too severe,
But long experience speaks me clear,
Therefore, that censure scorning,
I will proceed to mark the shelves,
On which so many dash themselves,
And give the simple warning.

4.

Youth, unadmonish'd by a guide,
Will trust to any fair outside,
An error soon corrected:
For who but learns with riper years,
That man, when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected?

5.

But here again a danger lies,
Lest thus deluded by our eyes,
And taking trash for treasure,
We should, when undeceiv'd, conclude
Friendship imaginary good,
A mere Utopian pleasure.

6.

An acquisition rather rare
Is yet no subject of despair:
Nor should it seem distressful,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We sought it unsuccessful.

7.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands, on sordid interest
And mean self-love erected;
Nor such, as may awhile subsist
'Twixt sensualist and sensualist,
For vicious ends connected.

8.

Who hopes a friend, should have a heart
Himself, well furnish'd for the part,
And ready on occasion
To shew the virtue that he seeks;
For 'tis an union that bespeaks
A just reciprocation.

9.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion:
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

10.

In vain the talkative unite
With hope of permanent delight:
The secret just committed
They drop, thro' mere desire to prate,
Forgetting its important weight,
And by themselves outwitted.

11.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
If envy chance to creep in.
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

12.

As envy pines at good possess'd,
So jealousy looks forth distress'd,
On good that seems approaching;
And if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

13.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
Are sadly prone to quarrel;
To deem the wit a friend displays
So much of loss to their own praise,
And pluck each other's laurel.

14.

A man, renown'd for repartee,
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling;
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And tell you 'twas a special jest,
By way of balm for healing.

15.

Beware of tattlers! keep your ear
Close stopp'd against the tales they bear,
Fruits of their own invention!
The separation of chief friends
Is what their kindness most intends,
Their sport is your dissension.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LINES TO ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

BLOOMFIELD, thy page I love, thy name revere,
And in thy breast, devoid of guilt and fear,
Fair virtue and her sister graces dwell;
Thy book of love and truth does surely tell
Of all the pleasures of thy happy life,
The farmer's rural state and pleasant life.
GILES, meek, good, unassuming, mild,
Love, nature, and affection's child,
Gives graces to the rural state,
And lends his touches to the great.
Go on good man, thy path pursue;
And when thou dost for mercy sue,
May God protect thee in that hour,
And guard thee with his sov'reign pow'r;
May angels down from Heav'n descend,
And guide thee as their chosen friend:
Till thou attain that happy shore
Where sin and sorrow are no more.
And now behold another Bloomfield rise,
And with his brother claim the wish'd-for prize;
May he alike, with thee, that prize obtain,
And, 'long with thee, our heartiest love retain.

Chelsea, May 7, 1803. M. A.

Literary Review.

Travels in Turkey, Asia Minor, and Syria, across the Desart into Egypt, during the Years 1799, 1800, 1801, in Company with the Turkish Army and the British Military Misssion. By William Wittman, M.D. of the Royal Artillery. Quarto, with many Plates.

THE portion of the world to which these travels relate has been famous in the page of history, and every intelligence respecting them is received with avidity. The war of Troy, the conquest of Canaan, and the flourishing condition of Egypt under the administration of Joseph, are events which occur to the mind on the perusal of such productions. Of course we read these pages with interest, and they have well repaid our attention.

Dr. Wittman has, in the form of a journal, preserved carefully the events of this memorable journey; anecdotes are detailed illustrative of the Turkish nation, and light is thrown both on their history and government. The Turks are a strange people, and their present debilitated condition points to that dissolution of their empire which prophecy seems to have predicted.

The Holy Land is here particularly described, indeed in so minute a manner, that we have been much gratified. A copy of the very paper delivered by the persons who shew the curiosities to the pilgrims is given, and, being curious, the reader will find it in the preceding part of our present miscellany.

So much has been written of late concerning Egypt, that we cannot expect much novelty on that subject: but several particulars are communicated which confirm or illustrate the accounts which have been already laid before the public. That horrible disease, the plague, is here traced throughout its fatal progress. One medical gentleman, who inoculated himself with it, fell a victim to what some people will call his rashness; whilst others will celebrate his disinterested love of humanity—his name was DR. WHITE. An altar should be raised to his memory.

The work is embellished with near thirty coloured engravings, taken from drawings on the spot.

A Tour through several of the Midland and Western Departments of France, in the Months of June, July, August, and September, 1802. With Remarks on the Manners, Customs, and Agriculture of the Country. By the Rev. W. Hughes. Illustrated by Engravings.

FRANCE, since the return of peace, has become the fashionable resort of travellers: we are all anxious to know what kind of a country

that is where so astonishing a revolution was effected. PARIS, its metropolis, is therefore more than ever visited, and the several departments of which the republic stands composed may be considered just objects of curiosity.

The author of the present volume resided in France for a time sufficiently long to gain an insight into the customs and manners of the country. Nor was he an idle spectator: he appears to have marked with attention the objects which presented themselves to his notice; he feels strongly the effects either favorable or unfavorable which were produced upon him, and delineates his sensations with a proportionable degree of energy. Some readers, however, will turn away from his description of certain filthy practices said to be common among these sons of politeness and refinement! But we must, by way of apology, take into consideration the declaration of the author in his introductory paragraph to the work—"My journal is not to be considered as containing an exact account of every thing which occurs as it absolutely is, but as it appeared to me." His sketches, therefore, may be pronounced so many pictures thrown off with a dexterous rapidity.

The engravings, four in number, are neat and happily illustrative of the agriculture of the country. The work discovers unquestionable traits of knowledge and ability, and from its perusal may be derived a considerable portion of entertainment and instruction.

Rural Sports. Second volume. Large thick quarto.

THAT human nature wants recreation will not be denied—and hence the work before us will contribute largely to the gratification of certain classes of society. Those who have fortune and leisure at command will hold such performances in no small degree of estimation. The former volume was occupied by the description of Quadrupeds, and the present imparts a minute detail of Fishes and Birds which constitute a source of ample amusement.

The introduction to fishing is very entertaining; and relating to the sea as well as rivers, it enters into a large field of description. The cod, herring, and pilchard exhibit some curious phenomena with which we were not before acquainted: it shews what is the wealth of nature, and teaches us how much the industry of man is able to accomplish in certain situations.

The instructions respecting angling are taken from various authors, particularly Walton, that good old man whose *Contemplative Angler* is a work of sterling value. The hints relative to rods, baits, weather, tackle, &c. are very useful, and cannot fail of being acceptable to the persons for whom the volume is designed.

The birds, or game, take up the remainder of the production, where some interesting particulars will be found respecting this part of the creation. Indeed the more we examine such subjects, the more we will be impressed with the wisdom and goodness of the Deity in their uses and formation. The animal creation, while

they live, enjoy life: and from the want of foresight, their dissolution, often sudden and instantaneous, pains in some degree our sensibility.

A great proportion of the plates have no claim to originality, yet we must confess that they are executed in a *very masterly* style by that ingenious young artist, Mr. John Scott, whose talents seem to improve daily in this particular branch of his profession. How far the compilationof Rural Sports accord with the profession of a clergyman there certainly can be but one opinion, as the principal duties of the christian minister point *directly* and *exclusively* to the moral and spiritual improvement of mankind; and we would therefore recommend this gentleman, in future, to direct his studies to the important work of his great Master.

A Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World, accompanied with a Persuasive to religious Moderation; to which is prefixed, an Account of Atheism, Deism, Theophilanthropism, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Christianity. Adapted to the present times. By John Evans, A.M Eighth Edition, with material Corrections and Improvements.

OF this extensively circulated work we have only to remark, that many corrections aud additions are made in the present edition, beside a short account of the divines, Wickliff, Luther, Calvin, Baxter, Whitfield, Wesley, Penn, and Winchester, whose heads are given by way of

embellishment. It appears from the preface that 20,000 copies have issued from the press, and that not only an impression has been published at Philadelphia, but it has been recently translated into the German and French languages. We have every reason to believe that the delineation of the tenets of the several denominations is just; and we are persuaded that the Reflections at the end accord with the mild and conciliating spirit of christianity.

We transcribe the concluding words of Mr. E.'s preface—"It is a most animating consideration, that notwithstanding the jarrings and contentions of parties for their several opinions and modes of worship, which the subsequent pages attempt to pourtray, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, undebased by the prejudices and uncontrouled by the passions of frail humanity, operates like the great powers of nature with a silent but irresistible energy for the renovation of mankind!"

Scottish Poems, Songs, &c. by Symon Kerr. Longman and Rees.

THESE poems, for aught we know, are very excellent, and therefore we shall not condemn them. Indeed they are written in the Scotch dialect, and are to us unintelligible. But we mention them in our Review, that our readers who possess a taste for such a species of writing may avail themselves of a source of gratification. We are conscious that BURNS wrote in this dialect, and was much admired by those

who were capable of relishing it. We presume then that such a mode of composition has its beauties: and we have been assured that poems and songs of this description, set to music, are distinguished for expression and delicacy. But we again observe, that to us the present volume is a sealed book, though to others it may afford ample matter for gratification.

Letters to Mr. Andrew Fuller, on the Universal Restoration, with a Statement of Facts attending that Controversy, and some Strictures on Scrutator's Review. By William Vidler.

MR. V. has ably, and to us satisfactorily, vindicated the doctrine of universal restoration from the objections of Mr. F. and has bestowed a very proper chastisement on his opponent Scrutator, who has engaged in this controversy with a spirit disgraceful to himself, and in direct violation of the mild and generous precepts of our common christianity.

An Enquiry into the Nature, Necessity, and Evidences of revealed Religion. By Thomas Robinson, A.M.

WE are always happy in bringing forward productions of this kind, because the perusal of such pieces tends to counteract the pernicious progress of infidelity.

Letter to Dr. Goodall, Head Master of Eton School, on the Importance of Religious Education.

IT is to be regretted that more attention is not paid to religion in a course of education. Youth is a period when the good seed ought to be sown, thus enabling individuals to become useful and respectable members of society.

Account of the Life and Writings of Thomas Reid, D.D. late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, by Dugald Stewart, F.R.S.

THE name of REID will be always revered by those philosophers who are partial to the investigation of the human mind. His Treatises on the Intellectual and Active Powers of Man do him great honor, and have established his reputation. His life affords few incidents, being of a very studious complexion. The biographical sketch before us may be pronounced a proper token of respect to his memory.

A sovereign Remedy in Affliction; a Sermon preached at Wansted, March 27, 1803, by the Rev. S. Glasse, D.D.

AFFLICTIONS are the common lot of mortality: to their pressure we are all exposed, and this circumstance should cherish and strengthen that sympathy by which our nature is distinguished. Religion, however, is the

only *sovereign remedy*, and this topic is here happily illustrated. The consolatory aid of revelation is great, and the preacher has stated and enforced it with his usual ability.

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR MAY, 1803.

THE die is cast! WAR is once more destined to rear its ensanguined crest among the nations of the earth! Bitterly do we deprecate the consequences of hostilities—their renewal must deeply afflict suffering humanity!

To say precisely on what the dispute rests between Britain and France is at present a considerable difficulty. The FIRST CONSUL complains of the calumnies vented against him in our newspapers, of the countenancing emigrants who are hostile to the new order of things, of our doing every thing to bring him and his government into contempt, and finally, of our not evacuating Malta in three months, agreeable to an article in the treaty of Amiens, where it was an express subject of stipulation.

On the other hand, his MAJESTY, with justice, declares, that his courts of law are open for the conviction and punishment of those who libel the French government; that emigrants particularly obnoxious are, or shall be, sent away; that the suspicions of our using means to bring the First Consul and his government

into contempt are without foundation; and lastly, that Malta is not evacuated merely because certain things which have happened prevent its being carried into immediate execution. Such are the general outlines of the dispute. We well know that *Bonaparte* is a man of consummate ambition; it behoves us therefore to be on our guard against him. But we devoutly wish that even *now* some auspicious circumstance may arise to prevent the actual renewal of hostilities, and that may still bind France and Britain in bonds of peace and amity to the latest posterity!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR MAY, 1803.

2. ANNIVERSARY of the Humane Society held at the London Tavern, Mr. Garrow in the chair. Lord Romney, Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Lettsom, Messrs. Goldsmids, and other celebrated characters, were present on the occasion. The men, women, and children who had been restored to life were introduced by Dr. Hawes, bearing a banner with this inscription—"We praise God, and thank you!" Here was proclaimed the triumph of philanthropy over misery and death!

4. Mr. Bowyer, of the Historic Gallery, Pall Mall, had the honor of presenting to his Majesty four emblematical engravings, in commemoration of the four great naval victories of the late war. These engravings contain near

100 portraits of the admirals and captains who distinguished themselves on these important occasions.

12. The anniversary for the benefit of the sons of the clergy was held with considerable pomp; the sermon preached by Dr. Glasse, in St. Paul's cathedral, where the lord mayor, aldermen, &c. attended as usual; they afterward went in procession to Merchant Taylors' Hall, where an elegant entertainment was provided, and the day passed with conviviality.

14. The first certain intelligence received of the rupture of the negociation at Paris; this made a deep impression on the public, and prepared their minds for the war which has ensued.

16. Lord Nelson left London for Spithead, whence he is to sail immediately for the Mediterranean, the scene of his former and most probably of his future glory.

17. The first meeting of the Royal Jennerian Institution held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, it being the birth-day of Dr. Jenner, the author of the greatest and most useful discovery in modern times. The meeting was attended by the Rt. Hon. Earl of Egremont, Lord Gwydir, Lord Carrington, and a great number of distinguished characters. Dr. Jenner's health was drank with an ardent enthusiasm. A letter was read from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, containing a handsome apology, regretting that the etiquette of his situation precluded him from accepting the request of presiding on this day, but expressing the warmest wishes for the welfare of a

great and national institution, which did so much honor to this country.

19. The installation of 22 Knights of the Bath took place in Westminster Abbey. There was a covered platform, with the floor matted, of an elegant appearance, from the house of lords across old Palace-yard, to communicate with Poet's Corner, in the Abbey. On this the procession passed from the prince's chamber in the house of lords to the Abbey about 11 o'clock. About 12 they reached the further end of the great aisle, where the queen and princesses were seated. About half past 12 they were all enclosed in the chapel of Henry VII. where the installation was performed with wonderful ceremony. They returned to the prince's chamber a little after 3. Nelson, Keith, and Whitworth were installed by proxy. The Duke of York, being grand master, walked last in the procession. *Ten thousand* spectators were within the body of the church in the course of the day.

20. Lord Whitworth arrived from France, after long expectations of his return. His arrival of course confirmed our alarms respecting the negociation.

21. A maniac, who said he had just risen from the dead, and was sent by Heaven to kill Bonaparte, attempted to obtain admission at the levee, in order to communicate the object of his mission to the king. He was taken into custody.

23. Grand debate in the house of commons respecting the rupture of the negociation.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

JOHN HUDSON, Devonshire-square, merchant, James Harris, Exeter, coach-maker,. Joseph Jones, Wood-street, Cheapside, Leghorn hat warehouseman. Wm. Watkins, Hereford, joiner. John Agnew, Grosvenor-square, banker. John Donald, Aldermanbury, warehouseman. William Chater, Charles street, Long Acre, coach-spring maker. Thomas Jones, Old Passage House, Aust, Gloucester, vintner. William Freeman, St. Martin's, Stamford Baron, Northampton, grocer and cheesemonger. Wm. Johnstone, Whitehaven, Cumberland, mercer and woollen-draper. Samuel Jacobs, Tabernacle-walk, Finsbury-square, dealer and chapman. James Gane, late of Bridgwater, Somerset, inn-keeper. Christopher Newman, Shakespear Walk, Ratcliffe Highway, Middlesex, slopseller. John Byron, Great Bell Alley, London, merchant, Reuben Marsden, St. John-street, Middlesex, upholsterer. William Wainwright, Liverpool, ironmonger. Peter Crokat and Thomas Steevenson, Liverpool merchants. Thomas Sawyer, Woolwich, Kent, victualler. Robert Kennett, New Bond-street, Middlesex, tooth-ache curer. Joseph and Wm. Spraggon, Gravesend, Kent, slopsellers. Wm Linnington, Exeter, currier. Peter Gough, Birmingham, butcher. Wm. Claridge, late of Garden-place, St. George's Fields, Surrey, bricklayer. Henry Beavis, Upper Thames-street, victualler. John Raffield, late of Old Bond-street, builder. John Sedgwick, Manchester cotton-spinner. C. Massey, New-street, Tower, wharfinger. John Cox, Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, corn and

flour merchant. Wm. Lang, Rishton, Lancashire, calico-printer. Charles Cole, York, merchant. Leonard Hebdin, of the Bell Inn, Warwick-lane, coffee-house keeper. Thomas Druery, Briston, Norfolk, shopkeeper. Wm. Jacob, Poole, Dorset, shopkeeper. T. S. Smith, Prittiwell, Essex, victualler. Donald Mackellar, Savage Gardens, London, wine merchant. Thomas B. Thorne, Mansel-street, Goodman's fields, baker. Abraham Marcus Arnstein, late of London-street, near Tottenham-court-road, linen-draper. Macall Medford, Finsbury-square, merchant. Samuel Maydwell, Wheeler-street, Spitalfields, silk-dyer. John Beckley, Southampton, grocer. Edmund Former the younger, of Stratford, Essex, butcher. James Gadd, Bristol. Joseph Gibbs, Birmingham, button-maker. Richard Bentley, Wellclose-square, haberdasher. John Lightly and James Thomson, Upper Thames-street, stationers. Andrew Thomson, Bow-lane, factor. Richard Hirinshaw, Palace-wharf, Lambeth, corn and coal dealer. Francis Renshaw, Islington road, timber-merchant. Peter Bogue, Whitefriars, builder. George Jeffreys, New Bond-street, goldsmith and jeweller. Thomas Binns, Great Barlow-street, Marybone, water closet-maker, and of Charles-street, Long Acre, candle manufacturer. J. Barber, Manchester, machine-maker. Wm. Landell, Berwick-upon-Tweed, sadler. Thomas Booth and Thomas Ireland, Blakely, Lancaster, dyers. Edward Hallam the younger, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, chymist and druggist. John Baird, Tottenham-court, Middlesex, stone-mason. Wm. Smith and John Ashton, Newgate-street, linen-drapers. John Neale and Peter Tanner, Ratcliffe, Middlesex, coal-dealers. Peter Smith, Farnhill, Yorkshire, shalloon maker. John Frost, Bedminster, Somersetshire, baker. Wm.

Hornby, of Gainsburgh, Lincolnshire, Esq. and Sir Joseph Esdaile, of Marden-Ash, Essex. Knight, bankers. Simeon Malleys, Sculcoates, Yorkshire, merchant. Wm. Parker, Liverpool, plumber and glazier. Joseph Littler, St. Clement Danes, Middlesex, goldsmith. Wm. Ballantyne, Savage-gardens, Tower-hill, merchant. Wm. Brewer, late of Rochester, Kent, coach master. George Matthews and Thomas Turnbull, Budge-row, London, merchants. Hugh Ibbetson, Pockington, York, spirit merchant. Henry Gardiner, Thames-street, London, seedsman. Edward Baynes, late of Rochford, in the County of Essex, shopkeeper. Shirley David Beare, Kensington, distiller. John Courtiers and John Stephens, late of Penryn, Cornwall, co-partners. William Palmer, late of Sonning, Berks, butcher. Thomas Bradnock, late of Walsall, Stamford, Sadler. Charles Larkin, Rochester, Kent, coach master. Thomas Dealy and John Hallett, Little Queen-street, Holborn, coach-makers. J. Kelly, Liverpool, flour dealer. Wm. Malins, Evesham, Worcestershire, malster. Wm. Hippisley, Shepton-Mallet, Somerset-hire, shopkeeper. S. Garrod, Saxmundham, Suffolk, tailor. Waite, Nichols, Bristol, soap-boiler. George Cowen, Hoxton Town, Shoreditch, oil and colourman. J. R. Scarfe, King's Lynn, Norfolk, brewer. George Dorset, John Johnstone, John Wilkinson, Wm. Berners, and James Tilson, New Bond-street, Middlesex, bankers. Francis Skegg, Davies-street, Berkeley-square, oilman. Wm. Garrett, Fenchurch-street, merchant. And. Riddell and Rt. Riddell, High-street, Borough, grocers. F. Lloyd, Bridge-street, Westminster, linen-draper. Alex. Shirreff, Newman street, Oxford-road, tailor. M. Driscol and J. Madden, Union-court, Broad-street, merchants. J. Brown, No. 104, Strand, gun-maker. G. Wilson and Wm. Dixey, Piccadilly, opticians.

REMARKABLE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN MAY, 1803.

BIRTHS.

IN London, the Countess of Sunderland, of a son.---Lady Seton, of a daughter.---Lady George Cavendish, of a daughter.---Lady William Beauclerk, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

AT West Witton, Yorkshire, Thomas Buckle, esq. of Leeds, to Miss Wharton, of Kirby Stephen...At St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles Littledale, esq. of Harley-street, to Miss Catharine Louisa Castell, third daughter of Samuel C. esq. of Bruton-street...At Balindean, in Perthshire, Philip Dundas, esq. M. P. to Miss Wedderburn, daughter of Sir John W. bart...At Lewisham, Mr. J. B. Courthope, jun. to Miss Jane Langhorn, of Stockwell...William Sharp, esq. to Miss Ann Nash, of Albion-street...At Rome, Lord Cloncurry, to Miss Eliza Morgan...At Swansea, John Rees, esq. of Kilymaenllwyd House, Carmarthen, to Miss Ann C. Vanderhorst, youngest daughter of Elias V. esq. American Consul at Bristol...At St. Anne's, Westminster, Mr. Rawlins, of Ramsbury, to Mrs. Howard, of Calne, both in the county of Wilts. Mr. William Brown, shoemaker, to Mrs. Esther Sundell, both of Lancaster. This is the fifth time the blooming bride has entered the happy state of matrimony, though she never yet has had the pleasure of burying any of her husbands, three of them being lost at sea, and the other having ran away from her...John Cross, esq. of Southampton-place, to Miss Susannah Warren, youngest daughter of the late Edward W. esq. of Piccadilly...At Ore Church, the Rev. Henry Hodges, to Miss Murray, eldest daughter of the late Hon. General M. of Beaufort, in the county of Sussex.

DEATHS.

IN the 78th year of his age, Rowland Conyers, esq. formerly of Argyll-street...At Brunswick, in the 68th year of his age, Prince Demetrius de Gallitzin, Privy Counsellor of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and Knight of the Order of St. Ann...At her house in Baker-street, Mrs. Dunlope; she caught the influenza on Sunday morning, and in a fit of coughing on Monday evening, burst a blood-vessel, and expired in a few hours after...At Paul's Cray, in Kent, the Dowager Lady Hoghton, relict of the late Sir Henry H. bart. of Walton-hall, near Preston...At the Swan Inn, Bedford, Sir John Payne, bart. of Tempsford-hall...In the 34th year of her age, Mrs. Tatam, of Stamford, and relict of Mr. Henry T. By this awful visitation of Providence, four little infants are rendered orphans in the short space of fifteen days.---At Brighthelmstone, in the 7th year of his age, the Hon. William Neville, youngest son of Lord Braybrooke.---On her passage from India, Mrs. Popham, wife of Major-General P.---Suddenly, Mr. Parsons, tallow-chandler, of Whitechapel. He went to bed the preceding evening in good health. ---At Much Wenlock, aged 68, Mrs. Hinton, wife of Mr. H. of that town. It was always her wish that her husband might only survive her twenty-four hours, which actually was the case; he died at the age of 83. They were both interred in one grave.---At Trinidad, in the service of His Majesty, Henry Swinburne, esq. father-in-law to Mr. Paul Benfield.---At his house in Throgmorton-street, John Free, esq. banker, in Bartholomew-lane, in the 41st year of his age.---Mrs. Watling, of York-street, Westminster; she was sitting with her husband at breakfast, and was suddenly taken ill, having only time to say, God bless you, farewell, before she expired.---Aged 66, Mr. Pilkington, of Blackburn, formerly a partner with Arkwright, (afterwards Sir Richard A.) and lately in the service of Messrs. H. and W. Fieldens, of that place, by whom, and every one to whom he was known, he was valued alike for his strict integrity and genteel behaviour.---At the Bull and

Punch-Bowl Inn, Liverpool, Mr. Philip Breslaw, aged 77 years, well known for his celebrated deceptions, &c. He was born near Berlin, in Prussia, and has been 44 years in England.---At Camelford-house, Oxford-street, Ann Baroness Dowager Camelford, in the 65th year of her age.---After a few hours illness, in Broad-street-buildings, Mrs. Dennison, wife of Dr. Richard D.---At Canterbury, aged 68, the Rev. John Lynch, LL. D. archdeacon of that diocese, prebendary of Canterbury, and rector of St. Dionis Back Church, London.---In Kevin-street, Dublin, aged 112, Mrs. Lindsay.---At his seat in Ireland, the Right Honorable Thomas Conolly, one of the first commoners in that country. ..At the seat of the Marquis of Abercorn, near Stanmore, his lordship's eldest daughter, Lady Harriet Hamilton. She complained of indisposition on Friday, April 29, but the physicians had no apprehensions of danger till the following morning, and at one o'clock in the day she expired before they had well ascertained the nature of her disorder, which, on examination of the body, they state to have been an inflammation of the membrane which lines the windpipe, and which very suddenly produced suffocation. She was within a month of completing her 22d year. Possessed of every requisite to render her beloved, it is no wonder that the Marquis of Waterford, to whom she was betrothed, continues inconsolable. Her person was beautiful, but her mental qualifications were superior; possessed of a good understanding, properly cultivated, she had devoted her time to the best of purposes and continued acts of benevolence, not common in one so young, and so much in the circles of fashion.

To Correspondents.

SINCE our last, many communications have been received, which we have not room to particularize, but which shall have due attention paid them.

Mr. MUNDEN.